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FLORA POETICA  
OR

POETRY ON FLOWERS

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

(T. WILLCOCKS)

WITH PLATES BY G. BANKS, F.L.S.



LONDON:

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMAN.

BYERS, DEVONPORT, 1834



# Flora Poetica;

OR,

## POETRY ON FLOWERS:

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY T. WILLCOCKS.

WITH PLATES,

BY G. BANKS, F.L.S.

Mountains and oceans, planets, suns, and systems,  
Bear not the impress of Almighty power  
In characters more legible than those  
Which he hath written on the tiniest flower  
Whose light bell bends beneath the dew-drop's  
weight.

H. G. BELL.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, & Co.

BYERS, DEVONPORT.

1834.

VAULT  
UNDER

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1834

W. Byers, Printer, Fore Street, Devonport.



## P R E F A C E .

“The love of flowers seems a naturally implanted passion, without any alloy or debasing object as a motive: the cottage has its pink, its rose, its polyanthus; the villa, its geranium, its dahlia, and its clematis: we cherish them in youth, we admire them in declining days: but, perhaps, it is the early flowers of spring that always bring with them the greatest degree of pleasure, and our affections seem immediately to expand at the sight of the first opening blossom under the sunny wall, or sheltered bank, however humble its race may be. In the long and sombre months of winter our love of nature, like the buds of vegetation, seems closed and torpid; but, like them, it unfolds and reanimates with the opening year, and we welcome our long-lost associates with a cordiality, that no other season can excite, as friends in a foreign clime. The violet of autumn is greeted with none of the love with which we hail the violet of spring; it is unseasonable, perhaps it brings with it rather a thought of melancholy than of joy; we view it with curiosity, not affection: and thus the late is not like the early rose. It is not intrinsic beauty or splendour that so charms us, for the fair maids of spring cannot compete with the

grander matrons of the advanced year ; they would be unheeded, perhaps lost, in the rosy bowers of summer and of autumn ; no, it is our first meeting with a long-lost friend, the reviving glow of a natural affection, that so warms us at this season : to maturity they give pleasure, as a harbinger of the renewal of life, a signal of awakening nature, or of a higher promise ; to youth, they are expanding being, opening years, hilarity, and joy ; and the child, let loose from the house, riots in the flowery mead, and is

“ Monarch of all he surveys.

“ There is not a prettier emblem of spring than an infant sporting in the sunny field, with its osier basket wreathed with butter-cups, orchises, and daisies. With summer flowers we seem to live as with our neighbours, in harmony and good-will ; but spring flowers are cherished as private friendships.

“ No portion of creation has been resorted to by mankind with more success for the ornament and decoration of their labours than the vegetable world. The rites, emblems, and mysteries of religion ; national achievements, eccentric masks, and the capricious visions of fancy, have all been wrought by the hand of the sculptor, on the temple, the altar, or the tomb ; but plants, their foliage, flowers, or fruits, as the most graceful, varied, and pleasing objects that meet our view, have been more universally the object of design, and have supplied the most beautiful, and perhaps the earliest, embellishments of art.

The pomegranate, the almond, and flowers, were selected, even in the wilderness, by divine appointment, to give form to the sacred utensils; the rewards of merit, the wreath of the victor, were arboraceous; in latter periods, the acanthus, the ivy, the lotus, the vine, the palm, and the oak, flourished under the chisel, or in the loom of the artist; and in modern days, the vegetable world affords the almost exclusive decorations of ingenuity and art."\*

Poets have been remarkable for their love of flowers, and have made them the subject of some of the most attractive productions of their muse. From these, the following little volume has been compiled; and the Editor ventures to express a hope, that the attention which he has bestowed upon the moral as well as poetical character of its contents, will ensure to it a portion of public favour and approval.

The prose descriptions, which have been carefully selected and abridged from the "Flora Domestica," the "Flora Historica," and other similar works, are not intended for the scientific Florist; but they will, it is presumed, afford instruction and amusement to the general reader.

In the plates, which illustrate and adorn the work, Mr. Banks has displayed a felicitous union of botanical knowledge with correct taste.

March 7th, 1834.

\* Journal of a Naturalist.

## ERRATA.

- PAGE 18 line 13—for *had*, read *has*.  
24 line 3—for *that*, read *than*.  
69—The piece commencing, "*O who*," &c.  
is by CLARE.  
149—After *The same*, read HURDIS.  
263—for ANON, read WORDSWORTH.  
283—for ANON, read MILTON.

In the prose descriptions a few of the Linnæan orders and classes of Plants have been omitted, which may be supplied from any Botanical work.

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## GLORY OF GOD DISPLAYED IN FLOWERS.

BOWRING.

BENEATH Thy all-directing nod,  
Both worlds and worms are equal, God!  
Thy hand the comets' orbits drew,  
And lighted yonder glow-worm too ;  
Thou didst the dome of heaven build up,  
*And form'dst yon snow-drop's silver cup.*

*The same*—LORD BROUGHAM.

YON countless worlds in boundless space,  
Myriads of miles each hour  
Their mighty orbs as curious trace,  
*As the blue circle studs the face*  
*Of that enamell'd flower.*

*But Thou, too, mad'st that floweret gay,*  
*To glitter in the dawn ;*  
The hand that fir'd the lamp of day,  
The blazing comet launch'd away,  
Painted the velvet lawn.

*The same.*—MRS. ROBINSON.

————— Now the air  
Is rich in fragrance ! fragrance exquisite  
As new mown hay !

Then, solitude, 'tis thine in every gale  
To hear celestial breathings ; from each hill  
To quaff the balmy essence of the breeze ;  
To mark, in every magic change of scene,  
The grand diversities of nature's laws,  
Yet find in all the ever-present God !  
Whose power, sublime, with equal wonder  
    moves  
*In the small floweret bursting from the earth,  
As in the sphere-crown'd eagle's towering wing.*

*The same.*—COWPER.

THE Lord of all, himself through all diffus'd,  
Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.  
Nature is but a name for an effect,  
Whose cause is God. He feeds the secret fire,  
By which the mighty process is maintain'd,  
Who sleeps not, is not weary ; in whose sight  
Slow circling ages are as transient days ;  
Whose work is without labour ; whose designs  
No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts ;  
And whose beneficence no charge exhausts.  
Him blind antiquity profan'd, not serv'd,



With self-taught rites, and under various  
names,  
Female and male, Pomona, Pales, Pan,  
And Flora, and Vertumnus ; peopling earth  
With tutelary goddesses and gods,  
That were not ; and commending as they  
would  
To each some province, garden, field, or grove.  
But all are under one. One spirit—His,  
Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding  
brows,  
Rules universal nature. *Not a flow'r*  
*But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,*  
*Of his unrivall'd pencil.* He inspires  
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,  
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and in-  
cludes,  
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,  
The forms, with which he sprinkles all the earth.  
*Happy who walks with him !* whom what he  
finds  
Of flavour or of scent in fruit or flow'r,  
Of what he views of beautiful or grand  
In nature, from the broad majestic oak  
To the green blade, that twinkles in the sun,  
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.  
His presence, who made all so fair, perceiv'd,  
Makes all still fairer.

## VANITY OF BOTANICAL SCIENCE WITHOUT RELIGION.

CONDER.

“Even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.”—Matt. vi. 29.

FROM cold utility does beauty spring ?  
Is there not use in beauty ? Go, fond sage,  
Scan Nature's flower-illuminated page,  
And learn that beauty is a sovereign thing,  
Redundantly conferred by Nature's King,  
Beyond all meed, mocking all Art's pretence,  
Lavished with glorious munificence  
On weeds and worms,—the tiniest insect's  
wing.

It is the cypher in which God inscribes  
His name upon His works ; His name is  
Love—

Ill understood by wisdom's curious tribes,  
Florist or botanist. Oh, far above  
Their lore, *the lesson which a flower conveys.*  
These are thy works, O God, and they pro-  
claim thy praise.

*The same.*—ABEL'S ORATORIO.

WHAT though I trace each Herb and Flower,  
That drinks the morning dew,  
Did I not own JEHOVAH's power,  
How vain were all I knew.

Say what's the rest but empty boast,  
The pedant's idle claim,  
Who, having all the substance lost  
Attempts to grasp *a name*?

---

### ADVANTAGE OF A FLOWER GARDEN.

COWPER.

THE spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns ;  
The low'ring eye, the petulance, the frown  
And sullen sadness, that o'ershade, distort,  
And mar the face of Beauty, when no cause  
For such immeasurable woe appears,  
These Flora banishes, and gives the fair  
Sweet smiles, and bloom less transient than  
her own.

---

### FOLLY OF NEGLECTING THE WORKS OF NATURE.

COWPER.

STRANGE, there should be found,  
Who, self-imprisoned in their great saloons,  
Renounce the colours of the open field,  
For the unscented fictions of the loom :

Who, satisfied with only pencilled scenes,  
Prefer, to the performance of a God,  
Th' inferior wonders of an artist's hand.  
Lovely, indeed, the mimic works of art ;  
But Nature's works far lovelier.

---

### THE FEMALE FLORIST.

BARBAULD.

BUT softer tasks divide Florella's hours ;  
To watch the buds just opening on the day ;  
With welcome shade to screen the languid  
    flowers  
That sicken in the Summer's parching ray,  
Oft will she stop amidst her evening walk,  
With tender hand each bruised plant to rear,  
To bind the drooping lily's broken stalk,  
And nurse the blossoms of the infant year.

*The same.*—VILLAGE CURATE.

---

MUCH I love  
To see the fair one bind the straggling pink,  
Cheer the sweet rose, the lupin, and the stock,  
And lend a staff to the still gadding pea.  
Ye fair, it well becomes you. Better thus  
Cheat time away than at the crowded rout,

Rustling in silk, in a small room close pent,  
And heated e'en to fusion ; made to breathe  
A rank contagious air, and fret at whist,  
Or sit aside to sneer and whisper scandal.

*The same.*—MILTON.

————— Eve separate he spies,  
Veiled in a cloud of fragrance, where she  
stood,  
Half spied, so thick the roses blushing round  
About her glowed ; oft stooping to support  
Each flower of tender stalk, whose head,  
though gay  
Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,  
Hung drooping unsustained ; them she up-  
stays  
Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while  
Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,  
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.

—————  
DIOCLESIAN  
AND THE AMBASSADORS.

COWLEY.

METHINKS I see great Dioclesian walk  
In the Salonian garden's noble shade,  
Which by his own imperial hands was made :

I see him smile, methinks, as he does talk  
With the ambassadors, who come in vain  
T' entice him to a throne again.

' If I, my friends,' said he, ' should to you  
show

All the delights which in these gardens grow,  
'Tis likelier far that you with me should stay,  
Than 'tis that you should carry me away:  
And trust me not, my friends, if, every day,  
I walk not here with more delight,  
Then ever, after the most happy fight,  
In triumph to the capital I rode,  
To thank the gods, and to be thought myself  
almost a god.'

**Collections of Flowers.**

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BANKS, LEE & SOULS

## THE FLOWER GARDEN.

WORDSWORTH.

TELL me, ye Zephyrs! that unfold,  
While fluttering o'er this gay Recess,  
Pinions that fanned the teeming mould  
Of Eden's blissful wilderness,  
Did only softly-stealing Hours  
There close the peaceful lives of flowers?

Say, when the *moving* Creatures saw  
All kinds commingled without fear,  
Prevailed a like indulgent law  
For the still Growths that prosper here?  
Did wanton Fawn and Kid forbear  
The half-blown Rose, the Lily spare?

Or peeped they often from their beds  
And prematurely disappeared,  
Devoured like pleasure ere it spreads  
A bosom to the Sun endeared?  
If such their harsh untimely doom,  
It falls not *here* on bud or bloom.

All Summer long the happy Eve  
Of this fair Spot her flowers may bind,

Nor e'er, with ruffled fancy, grieve,  
From the next glance she casts, to find  
That love for little Things by Fate  
Is rendered vain as love for great.

Yet, where the guardian Fence is wound,  
So subtly is the eye beguiled  
It sees not nor suspects a Bound,  
No more than in some forest wild;  
Free as the light in semblance—crost  
Only by art in nature lost.

And, though the jealous turf refuse  
By random footsteps to be prest,  
And feeds on never-sullied dews,  
Ye, gentle breezes from the West,  
With all the ministers of Hope,  
Are tempted to this sunny slope !

And hither throngs of Birds resort ;  
Some, inmates lodged in shady nests,  
Some, perched on stems of stately port  
That nod to welcome transient guests ;  
While Hare and Leveret, seen at play,  
*Appear* not more shut out than they.

Apt emblem (for reproof of pride)  
This delicate Enclosure shows  
Of modest kindness, that would hide  
The firm protection she bestows ;

Of manners, like its viewless fence,  
Ensuring peace to innocence.

Thus spake the moral Muse—her wing  
Abruptly spreading to depart,  
She left that farewell offering,  
Memento for some docile heart;  
That may respect the good old Age  
When Fancy was Truth's willing Page;  
And Truth would skim the flowery glade,  
Though entering but as Fancy's shade.

---

## THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

MILTON.

SOUTHWARD through Eden went a river large,  
Nor changed his course, but through the  
shaggy hill  
Pass'd underneath ingulf'd; for God had  
thrown  
That mountain as his garden-mould high  
raised  
Upon the rapid current, which, through veins  
Of porous earth with kindly thirst updrawn,  
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill  
Watered the garden; thence united fell  
Down the steep glade, and met the nether  
flood,

Which from his darksome passage now appears,  
And now, divided into four main streams,  
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous  
    realm,

And country, whereof here needs no account;  
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,  
How from that sapphire fount the crisped  
    brooks,

Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,  
With mazy error under pendant shades  
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed  
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice  
    Art

In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon  
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and  
    plain,

Both where the morning sun first warmly  
    smote

The open field, and where the unpierced shade  
Imbrown'd the noon-tide bowers: thus was  
    this place

A happy rural seat of various view;—

Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums  
    and balm,

Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden  
    rind,

Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,

If true, here only, and of delicious taste :

Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and  
flocks

Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,  
Or palmy hillock ; or the flowery lap  
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,  
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose :  
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves  
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine,  
Lays forth her purple grapes and gently creeps  
Luxuriant ; meanwhile murmuring waters fall  
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,  
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd,  
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.  
The birds their quire apply ; airs, vernal airs,  
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune  
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,  
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,  
Led on the eternal Spring. ....

---

## THE ELEGANT KNOLL.

COWPER.

To deck the shapely knoll,  
That softly swell'd and gaily dress'd appears  
A flow'ry island, from the dark green lawn  
Emerging, must be deem'd a labour due  
To no mean hand, and asks the touch of taste.

Here also grateful mixture of well-match'd  
And sorted hues (each giving each relief,  
And by contrasted beauty shining more)  
Is needful. Strength may wield the pond'rous  
spade,  
May turn the clod, and wheel the compost  
home ;  
But elegance, chief grace the garden shows,  
And most attractive, is the fair result  
Of thought, the creature of a polish'd mind.  
Without it all is Gothic as the scene,  
To which th' insipid citizen resorts  
Near yonder heath ; where Industry mispent,  
But proud of his uncouth ill-chosen task,  
Had made a Heav'n on Earth ; with suns and  
moons  
Of close-ramm'd stones has charg'd th' en-  
cumber'd soil,  
And fairly laid the zodiac in the dust.  
He therefore, who would see his flow'rs  
dispos'd  
Sightly and in just order ere he gives  
The beds the trusted treasure of their seeds,  
Forecasts the future whole ; that when the  
scene  
Shall break into its pre-conceiv'd display,  
Each for itself, and all as with one voice  
Conspiring, may attest his bright design.



Nor even then, dismissing as perform'd  
His pleasant work, may he suppose it done ;  
Few self-supported flow'rs endure the wind  
Uninjur'd, but expect th' upholding aid  
Of the smooth-shaven prop, and, neatly tied,  
Are wedded thus, like beauty to old age  
For int'rest sake, the living to the dead.  
Some clothe the soil that feeds them, far  
diffus'd

And lowly creeping, modest and yet fair,  
Like virtue, thriving most where little seen :  
Some more aspiring catch the neighbour shrub  
With clasping tendrils, and invest his branch,  
Else unadorn'd, with many a gay festoon,  
And fragrant chaplet, recompensing well  
The strength they borrow with the grace they  
lend.

All hate the rank society of weeds,  
Noisome, and ever greedy to exhaust  
The impov'rish'd earth ; an overbearing race,  
That, like the multitude made faction-mad,  
Disturb good order, and degrade true worth.

---

## THE GREEN-HOUSE.

COWPER.

Who loves a garden loves a greenhouse too.  
Unconscious of a less propitious clime.

There blooms exotic beauty, warm and snug,  
While the winds whistle, and the snows descend.

The spiry myrtle with unwith'ring leaf  
Shines there, and flourishes. The golden  
boast

Of Portugal and western India there,  
The ruddier orange, and the paler lime,  
Peep through their polish'd foliage at the  
storm,

And seem to smile at what they need not fear.  
Th' amomum there with intermingling flow'rs  
And cherries hangs her twigs. Geranium  
boasts

Her crimson honours, and the spangled beaux,  
Ficoides, glitters bright the winter long.  
All plants, of ev'ry leaf, that can endure  
The winter's frown, if screen'd from his  
shrewd bite,

Live there, and prosper. Those Ausonia  
claims,

Levantine regions these ; th' Azores send  
Their jessamine, her jessamine remote  
Caffraria : foreigners from many lands,  
They form one social shade, as if conven'd  
By magic summons of the Orphean lyre.  
Yet just arrangement, rarely brought to pass  
But by a master's hand, disposing well

The gay diversities of leaf and flow'r,  
Must lend its aid t' illustrate all their charms,  
And dress the regular yet various scene.  
Plant behind plant aspiring, in the van  
The dwarfish, in the rear retir'd, but still  
Sublime above the rest, the statelier stand.

---

## A TOWN GARDEN.

COWPER.

Ev'N in the stifling bosom of the town  
A garden, in which nothing thrives, has  
    charms,  
That sooth the rich possessor; much consol'd  
That here and there some sprigs of mournful  
    mint,  
Of nightshade, or valerian, grace the well  
He cultivates. These serve him with a hint,  
That Nature lives; that sight-refreshing green  
Is still the liv'ry she delights to wear,  
Though sickly samples of th' exub'rant whole.  
What are the casements lin'd with creeping  
    herbs,  
The prouder sashes fronted with a range  
Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed,  
The Frenchman's darling? \* are they not all  
    proofs,

\* Mignonette.

That man, immur'd in cities, still retains  
His inborn inextinguishable thirst  
Of rural scenes, compensating his loss  
By supplemental shifts, the best he may ?  
The most unfurnish'd with the means of life,  
And they, that never pass the brick-wall  
    bounds,  
To range the fields, and treat their lungs with  
    air,  
Yet feel the burning instinct : over head  
Suspend their crazy boxes, planted thick,  
And water'd duly. There the pitcher stands  
A fragment, and the spoutless tea-pot there ;  
Sad witnesses how close-pent man regrets  
The country, with what ardour he contrives  
A peep at Nature, when he can no more.

---

*The same.*—ANON.

If, on thy dusty soil, its modest eye  
No violet open ;—if the straggling tree,  
That just has life, and only does not die ;  
And of laburnum lineage claims to be,  
Will not break forth in golden glory—why  
Should I in anger blame thee ;—since I see  
The fragrant rose, in regal beauty blooming,  
And the “ tall lily’s ample bell ” perfuming  
Thy smoky precincts, and the scented pea ?—

Then though I find not here the free-born  
race,  
Of the eternal mountains,—nor the flowers  
That grow where many a gushing streamlet  
pours  
Its fresh, free waters, o'er the lovely face  
Of glen or meadow,—I can train the rose,  
And linger on the spot where the pale lily  
blows.

---

## BOWER OF EDEN.

MILTON.

Thus talking, hand in hand alone they pass'd  
On to their blissful bower: it was a place  
Chosen by the sovereign planter when he  
framed  
All things to man's delightful use; the roof  
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,  
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew  
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side  
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,  
Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous  
flower,  
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,  
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between,  
and wrought

Mosaic : underfoot the violet,  
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay  
Broider'd the ground, more coloured that  
with stone  
Of costliest emblem."

---

## THE BRIDAL WREATH.

DRAYTON.

To sort which flowers, some sit; some making  
garlands were ;  
The primrose placing first, because that in the  
spring  
It is the first appears, then only flourishing;  
The azur'd hare-bell next, with them they  
neatly mix'd :  
T' allay whose luscious smell, they woodbine  
plac'd betwixt.  
Amongst those things of scent, there prick they  
in the lily :  
And near to that again, her sister daffadilly.  
To sort these flowers of show, with th' other  
that were sweet,  
The cowslip then they couch, and th' oxslip,  
for her meet :  
The columbine amongst they sparingly do set,  
The yellow king-cup, wrought in many a  
curious fret,

And now and then among, of eglantine a spray,  
By which again a course of cuckow-flowers  
they lay :

The crow-flower, and thereby the clover-  
flower they stick,

The daisy, over all those sundry sweets so thick,  
As nature doth herself, to imitate her right ;  
Who seems in that her pearl so greatly to  
delight,

That every plain therewith she powd'reth to  
behold :

The crimson darnel flower, the blue-bottle,  
and gold :

Which though esteemed but weeds ; yet for  
their dainty hues,

And for their scent not ill, they for this pur-  
pose chuse.

---

*The same.*—W. B. COLLYER, D.D.

Oh ! ask me not the wreath to twine !

'Tis not for fingers such as mine,

The Bridal Coronal to weave ;

Chill'd by the dark and dripping dew,

Distill'd from cypress and from yew,

On roses or on lilies laid,

The brightest, loveliest, they would fade,

And stains upon the fairest leave.

Let them thy Bridal Chaplet twine,  
Whose hands are skilful to combine

    The buds of hope, and flowers of joy ;  
Whose happier lot hath let them know  
The bowers of Eden where they grow ;  
From whom they shrink not at the touch—  
The pastime sweet, and meet for such,  
    Would heart and fancy both employ.

But ask not me the wreath to twine,  
In whom both grief and sickness join

    To render for the task unfit ;  
The cloud hath blotted out my day,  
My dreams of bliss have fled away ;  
My pleasures scatter'd to the wind,  
Have left but loneliness behind,

    Where gladness promised once to sit.

And yet for thee a wreath I'll twine.—  
Some flowers unfading still are mine ;—

    The proffer'd garland *thou* must tie :  
'Midst the abundance that she yields,  
I glean them not from nature's fields ;  
Nor soar aloft on fancy's wings,  
To crop them from Parnassian springs ;  
    For both are doomed to fade and die.

Come, then, a chaplet I'll prepare,  
To crown thy heart, not deck thy hair—  
    Approach—and take the gift divine ;



See Sharon's Rose, whose sweets exhale,  
The lowly Lily of the vale,  
The flowers of Life's immortal Tree,  
And Gilead's balm, all tender'd thee—  
Bind them with faith—the wreath is thine.

---

## THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

COWPER.

WHAT Nature, alas! has denied  
To the delicate growth of our Isle,  
Art has in a measure supplied,  
And Winter is deck'd with a smile.  
'Tis a bower of Arcadian sweets,  
Where Flora is still in her prime,  
A fortress to which she retreats  
From the cruel assaults of the clime.  
While earth wears a mantle of snow,  
The pinks are as fresh and as gay  
As the fairest and sweetest that blow  
On the beautiful bosom of May.  
See how they have safely surviv'd  
The frowns of a sky so severe;  
Such Mary's true love, that has liv'd  
Thro' many a turbulent year.

The charms of the late-blowing rose  
Seem pac'd with a livelier hue,  
And the winter of sorrow but shows  
The truth of a friend such as you.

---

## NOSEGAY OF WILD FLOWERS.

SMITH.

FAIR rising from her icy couch,  
Wan herald of the floral year,  
The Snow-drop marks the spring's approach,  
Ere yet the Primrose groups appear,  
Or peers the Arum\* from its spotted veil,  
Or odorous Violets scent the cold capricious  
gale.

Then thickly strewn in woodland bowers,  
Anemonies their stars unfold,  
There spring the Sorrel's veined flowers,  
And rich in vegetable gold,  
From calyx pale, the freckled Cowslip born,  
Receives in amber cups the fragrant dews of  
morn.

Lo ! the green Thorn, her silver buds  
Expands to May's enliv'ning beam ;

\* Cuckoo Pint.

Hottonia\* blushes on the floods,

And where the slowly trickling stream,  
Mid grass and spiry rushes stealing glides  
Her lovely fringed flowers fair Menyanthus†  
hides.

In the lone copse, or shadowy dale,

Wild cluster'd knots of Harebells blow,  
And droops the Lily of the Vale,

O'er Vinca's ‡ matted leaves below.  
The Orchis race with vary'd beauty charm,  
And mock the exploring bee or fly's aerial form.

Wound in the hedge-row's oaken boughs,

The Woodbine's tassels float in air,  
And blushing, the uncultur'd Rose

Hangs high her beauteous blossoms there ;  
Her fillets there the purple Nightshade weaves,  
And the Brionia winds her pale and scollop'd  
leaves.

To later Summer's fragrant breath ;

Clematis § feathery garlands dance ;  
The hollow Foxglove nods beneath,

While to tall Mullein's yellow glance,  
Dear to the mealy tribe of ev'ning towers,  
And the weak Gallium || weaves its myriad  
fairy flowers.

\* Water Violet.      † Bogbean.      ‡ Periwinkle.

§ Virgin's bower.      || Yellow Lady's Bed-straw.

Sheltering the coot's or wild-duck's nest,  
And where the timid halcyon hides,  
The Willow-herb in crimson drest,  
Waves with Arundo o'er the tides,  
And there the bright Nymphaea\* loves to lave,  
Or spreads her golden orbs upon the dimpling  
wave.

And thou, by pain and sorrow blest,  
Papaver!† that an opiate dew,  
Conceal'st beneath thy scarlet vest,  
Contrasting with the Corn-flower blue,  
Autumnal months behold thy gauzy leaves  
Bend in the rustling gale amid the tawny  
sheaves.

From the first bud, whose venturous head  
The Winter's lingering tempest braves,  
To those which mid the foliage dead,  
Sink latest to their annual grave.  
*All are for health, or food, or pleasure given,*  
And speak in various ways the bounteous hand  
of Heaven.

\* White Water Lily.

† Common Poppy.

## SPRING FLOWERS.

COWPER.

Laburnum, rich

In streaming gold ; syringa, iv'ry pure ;  
The scentless and the scented rose ; this red,  
And of an humbler growth, the other\* tall,  
And throwing up into the darkest gloom  
Of neighb'ring cypress, or more sable yew,  
Her silver globes, light as the foamy surf,  
That the wind severs from the broken wave ;  
The lilac, various in array, now white,  
Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now  
set

With purple spikes pyramidal, as if  
Studious of ornament, yet unresolv'd  
Which hue she most approv'd, she chose them  
all ;

Copious of flow'rs the woodbine, pale and wan,  
But well compensating her sickly looks  
With never-cloying odours, early and late !  
Hypericum all bloom, so thick a swarm  
Of flow'rs, like flies clothing her slender rods,  
That scarce a leaf appears : mezereon too,  
Though leafless, well attir'd, and thick beset  
With blushing wreaths, investing ev'ry spray ;

\* The guelder-rose.

Althæa with the purple eye ; the broom,  
 Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloy'd,  
 Her blossoms ; and luxuriant above all  
 The jasmine, throwing wide her elegant sweets,  
 The deep dark green of whose unvarnish'd leaf  
 Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more  
 The bright profusion of her scatter'd stars.—  
 These have been, and these shall be in their  
 day :

And all this uniform uncolour'd scene  
 Shall be dismantled of its fleecy load,  
 And flush into variety again.  
 From dearth to plenty, and from death to life,  
 Is Nature's progress, when she lectures man  
 In heav'nly truth : evincing, as she makes  
 The grand transition, that there lives and works  
*A soul in all things, and that soul is God.*

---

## FIELD FLOWERS.

CAMPBELL.

YE field flowers ! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis  
 true,  
 Yet, wildlings of nature, I dote upon you,  
 For ye waft me to summers of old,  
 When the earth teem'd around me with fairy  
 delight,

And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd  
my sight,

Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams  
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing  
streams,

And of broken blades breathing their balm ;  
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine  
remote,

And the deep mellow crush of the wood-  
pigeon's note,

Made music that sweeten'd the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune  
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildlings of  
June ;

Of old ruinous castles ye tell :

I thought it delightful your beauties to find,  
When the magic of nature first breathed on  
my mind,

And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Ev'n now what affections the violet awakes ;  
What loved little islands, twice seen in their  
lakes,

Can the wild water-lily restore.

What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks ;  
What pictures of pebbles and minnowy brooks,  
In the vetches that tangled the shore.

Earth's cultureless buds ! to my heart ye were  
    dear  
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,  
    Had scathed my existence's bloom ;  
Once I welcome you more, in life's passion-  
    less stage,  
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,  
    And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

---

## INVITATION TO FLOWERS.

BARTON.

COME forth, ye lovely heralds of the Spring !  
    Leave at your Maker's call your earthly  
        bed,  
At his behest your grateful tribute bring  
    To light and life, from darkness and the  
        dead !  
Thou, timid *Snow-drop*, lift thy lowly head ;  
    *Crocus*, and *Primrose*, show your varied  
        dye ;  
*Violets*, your ceaseless odours round you  
    shed,  
    Yourselves the while retiring from the  
        eye,  
Yet loading with your sweets each breeze  
    that passes by.



And You,—in gay variety that grace,  
In later months, with beauty the parterre,  
“ Making a sunshine in the shady place,”  
As Una and her milk-white Lamb were  
there ;—

Arise ! Arise ! and in your turns declare  
The power of Him who has not only made  
The Depth of Ocean, and the heights of  
Air,  
And Earth’s magnificence,—but has display’d  
In you that power and skill with beauty’s  
charms array’d.

Uplift, proud *Sun-flower*, to thy favourite  
Orb

That disk whereon his brightness loves to  
dwell ;

And, as thou seem’st his radiance to absorb,  
Proclaim thyself The Garden’s Senti-  
nel ;—

And thou too, gentle, modest *Heather-bell*,  
Gladden thy lonely birth-place :—*Jas-  
mines*, spread

Your star-like blossoms, fragrant to the  
smell ;—

You *Evening Primroses*, when day has  
fled,

Open your pallid flowers, by dews and moon-  
light fed.

And where my favourite Abbey \* rears on  
high

Its crumbling ruins, on their loftiest crest  
Ye *Wall-flowers*, shed your tints of golden  
dye,

On which the morning sunbeams love to  
rest,—

On which, when glory fills the glowing  
west,

The parting splendours of the day's de-  
cline,

With fascination to the heart address'd,

So tenderly and beautifully shine,

As if reluctant still to leave that hoary shrine.

*Convolvulus*,—expand thy cup-like flower,

Graceful in form, and beautiful in hue ;—

*Clematis*, wreath afresh thy Garden bower ;

Ye loftier *Lilies*, bath'd in morning's dew,

Of purity and innocence renew

Each lovely thought ;—and ye, whose  
lowlier pride

In sweet seclusion seems to shrink from  
view,—

\* Leiston Abbey, in Suffolk





You of *The Valley* nam'd, no longer hide  
Your blossoms meet to twine the brow of  
purest Bride.

And Thou, so rich in gentle names, appealing

To hearts that own our Nature's common lot ;

Thou styl'd by sportive Fancy's better feeling

"*A Thought*,"—" *The Heart's Ease*," or  
" *Forget me not*,"

Who deck'st alike the Peasant's garden-plot,

And Castle's proud parterre ;—with humble joy

Proclaim afresh, by castle, and by cot,

Hopes which ought not, like things of time, to cloy,

And feelings Time itself shall deepen—not destroy!

Fruitless, and endless were the task, I ween,

With ev'ry Flower to grace my votive

Lay ;—

And unto thee, their long-acknowledg'd

QUEEN,

Fairest, and loveliest ! and thy gentle

sway,

Beautiful *Rose*, my homage I must pay,—  
For how can Minstrel leave thy charms  
    unsung,  
Whose meek supremacy has been alway  
    Confess'd in many a clime, and many a  
    tongue,  
And in whose praise the harp of many a Bard  
    has rung?

Mine is unworthy such a lovely theme;—  
Yet could I borrow of that tuneful Bird\*  
Who sings thy praises by the moon's pale  
    beam,  
As Fancy's graceful legends have averr'd,  
These thrilling harmonies at midnight heard  
With sounds of flowing waters,—not in  
    vain  
Should the loose strings of my rude harp  
    be stirr'd  
By inspiration's breath, but one brief  
    strain  
Should re-assert thy rites, and celebrate thy  
    reign.

Vain were the hope to rival Bards—whose  
    lyres,

\* The Nightingale.

On such a theme, have left me nought  
to sing ;—  
And one more Plant my humbler Muse in-  
spires,  
Round which my parting thoughts would  
fondly cling ;  
Which, consecrate to Salem's peaceful  
King,  
Though fair as any gracing Beauty's  
bower,  
Is link'd to Sorrow like a holy thing,  
And takes its Name from Suff'ring's  
fiercest hour,—  
Be this thy noblest fame, imperial PASSION-  
FLOWER !

Whatever impulse first conferr'd that name,  
Or Fancy's dream, or Superstition's art,  
I freely own its spirit-touching claim,  
With thoughts and feelings it may well  
impart :—  
Not that I would forego the surer chart  
Of REVELATION—for a mere conceit ;  
Yet with indulgence may *the Christian's*  
heart  
Each frail memorial of HIS MASTER greet,  
And chiefly what recals his Love's most glo-  
rious feat.

Be this the closing tribute of my Strain !  
 Be this, *Fair Flowers !* of charms—  
 your last, and best !  
 That when THE SON OF GOD for Man was  
 slain,  
 Circl'd by You, He sank awhile to rest,—  
 Not *The Grave's* captive, but *A Garden's*  
 guest,  
 So pure and lovely washis transient tomb !  
 And He, whose brow the *Wreath of Thorns*  
 had prest,  
 Not only bore for us Death's cruel doom,  
 But won the *thornless Crown* of amaranthine  
 bloom !

---

## BEAUTY AND FRAGRANCE OF FLOWERS.

THOMSON.

But, who can paint  
 Like nature ? Can imagination boast  
 Amid its gay creation, hues like hers ?  
 Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,  
 And lose them in each other, as appears  
 In ev'ry bud that blows ?  
 Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,  
 And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,  
 Fair-handed spring unbosoms every grace ;



Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first ;  
The daisy, primrose, violet, darkly blue,  
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes ;  
The yellow wall-flower, stained with iron  
brown ;

And lavish stock, that scents the garden  
round :

From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,  
Anemonies, auriculas, enrich'd  
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves ;  
And full ranunculus of glowing red.

Then comes the tulip-race, where beauty plays  
Her idle freaks, from family diffus'd

To family, as flies the father-dust,  
The varied colours run, and while they break  
On the charm'd eye, the exulting florist marks  
With secret pride the wonders of his hand.

No gradual bloom is wanting ; from the bud  
First-born of spring, to summer's musky tribes ;  
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,

Low-bent, and blushing inward ; nor jonquils  
Of potent fragrance ; nor narcissus fair,  
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still ;

Nor broad carnations, nor gay spotted pinks ;  
Nor showered from ev'ry bush, the damask rose ;  
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,

With hues on hues expression cannot paint,  
The breath of nature and her endless bloom.

## GARDEN LECTURE.

EVANS.

AMID my garden's broider'd paths I trod,  
And there my mind soon caught her  
favourite clue ;  
I seem'd to stand amid the church of God,  
And flowers were preachers, and (still  
stranger) drew  
From their own life and course  
The love they would enforce,  
And sound their doctrine was, and every pre-  
cept true.

And first the Sunflower spake. Behold, he  
said,  
How I unweariedly from dawn to night  
Turn to the wheeling sun my golden head,  
And drink into my disk fresh draughts of  
light.  
O, mortal ! look and learn ;  
So, with obedient turn,  
From womb to grave pursue the sun of life  
and might.

And next I heard the lowly Camomile,  
Who, as I trod on him with reckless feet,  
And wrang his perfume out, cried, List awhile—  
E'en thus with charity the proud one greet.

And, as insulters press,  
E'en turn thou thus and bless,  
And yield from each heart's bruise a redolence  
more sweet.

Then from his rocky pulpit I heard cry  
The Stonecrop. See how loose to earth I  
grow,  
And draw my juicy nurture from the sky.  
So drive not thou, fond man, thy root too  
low ;  
But loosely clinging here,  
From God's supernal sphere  
Draw life's unearthly food, catch heaven's un-  
dying glow.

Then preach'd the humble Strawberry. Be-  
hold

The lowliest and least adorn'd of flowers  
Lies at thy feet ; yet lift my leafy fold,  
And fruit is there unfound in gaudier  
bowers.

So plain be thou, and meek,  
And when vain man shall seek,  
Unveil the blooming fruit of solitary hours.

Then cried the Lily : Hear my mission next.  
On me thy Lord bade ponder and be wise ;  
O, wan with toil, with care and doubt perplexed,  
Survey my joyous bloom, my radiant dies.

My hues no vigils dim,  
All care I cast on Him,  
Who more than faith can ask each hour to  
faith supplies.

The Thistle warn'd me last ; for, as I tore  
The intruder up, it cried, Rash man, take  
heed !

In me thou hast thy type. Yea, pause and  
pore—

Even as thou doth God his vineyard weed :  
Deem not each worthier plant  
For thee shall waste and want,  
Nor fright with hostile spines thy Master's  
chosen seed.

Then cried the garden's host with one consent :  
Come, man, and see how, day by day, we  
shoot,

For every hour of rain, and sunshine lent,  
Deepen our glowing hues, and drive our  
root ;

And, as our heads we lift,  
Record each added gift,  
And bear to God's high will, and man's sup-  
port, our fruit.

O, Leader thou of earth's exulting quire,  
Thou with a first-born's royal rights endued,

Wilt thou alone be dumb ? alone desire  
Renew'd the gifts so oft in vain renew'd ?  
Then sicken, fret, and pine,  
As on thy head they shine,  
And wither 'mid the bliss of boundless  
plenitude ?  
Oh, come ! and, as thy due, our concert lead.  
Glory to him, the Lord of life and light,  
Who nurs'd our tender leaf, our colours spread,  
And gave thy body mind, the first-born's  
right,  
By which thy flight may cleave  
The starry pole, and leave  
Thy younger mates below in death's unbroken  
night.

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## GARDEN THOUGHTS.

MONTGOMERY.

Written on occasion of a Ladies' Bazaar, in aid of the Church Missionary Society, being held in the garden-grounds of a benevolent family resident on the banks of the Yorkshire Ouse.

IN a garden—Man was placed,  
Meet abode for innocence ;  
With his Maker's image graced :  
Sin crept in, and drove him thence,  
Through the world, a wretch undone,  
Seeking rest and finding none.

In a garden,—on that night  
When our Saviour was betray'd,  
With what world-redeeming might,  
In his agony, he pray'd !  
Till he drank the vengeance up,  
And with mercy fill'd the cup.

In a garden,—On the cross,  
When the spear his heart had riven,  
And for earth's primeval loss  
Heaven's own ransom had been given,  
Jesus rested from his woes,  
Jesus from the dead arose.

Here, not Eden's bowers are found,  
Nor the lone Gethsemane,  
Nor the calm sepulchral ground  
At the foot of Calvary :  
But this scene may well recall  
Sweet remembrances of all.

Emblem of the church below !  
Where the Spirit and the Word  
Fall like dew, like breezes blow ;  
And the Lord God's voice is heard,  
Walking in the cool of day,  
When the world is far away :

Emblem of the church above,  
Where amidst their native clime,

In the garden of his love,  
Rescued from the storms of time,  
Saints, as trees of life, shall stand,  
Planted by the Lord's right hand :

Round the fair enclosure here,  
Flames no cherub's threatening sword ;  
Ye who enter ! feel no fear :  
Roof'd by heaven, with verdure floor'd,  
Breathing balm from blossoms gay,  
This be Paradise to-day !

Yet one moment meditate  
On that dreary banishment,  
When from Eden's closing gate,  
Hand-in hand, our parents went ;  
Spikenard-groves no more to dress,  
But a thorny wilderness.

Then remember Him, who laid  
Uncreated splendour by ;  
Lower than the angels made,  
Fallen man to glorify,  
And from death beyond the grave,  
An apostate world to save.

Think of Him : your souls He sought,  
Wandering never to return.  
Hath he found you ?—At the thought  
All your hearts within you burn.

Then your love like His extend ;  
Be, like Him, the sinner's friend.

O'er the city Jesus wept,  
Doom'd to perish :—Won't *you* weep  
O'er a world, by Satan kept,  
Dreaming in delirious sleep,  
Till the twinkle of an eye  
Wakes them in eternity ?

Ye, who smile with rosy youth,  
Glow in manhood, fade through years,  
Send the life, the light, the truth,  
To dead hearts, blind eyes, deaf ears ;  
And your very pleasure make  
Charities, for Jesu's sake.

So shall gospel-glory run  
Round the globe, through every clime,  
Brighter than the circling sun ;  
Hastening that millennial time  
When the earth shall be restored,  
As the garden of the Lord.

Ye, who own this quiet place,  
Here, like Enoch, walk with God ;  
And, till summon'd hence, through grace,  
Tread the path your Saviour trod ;  
Then to Paradise on high,  
With the wings of angels fly.



**Flowers,**

**WITH PROSE DESCRIPTIONS.**

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*PAVES, DEL V SCULP*

## THE SNOW-DROP.

The Snow-drop (which may be found in meadows and orchards) receives its name from the whiteness of its flower, and the time of its appearance, which is often when snow is on the ground. Its botanical appellation is *Galanthus nivalis*, or snowy milk flower.

“ With us the flower of this interesting plant appears in January, and retains its petals until March, when the germen assumes the character of a seed vessel ; but it is in the intermediate month that each of these plants displays a snowy blossom, and for this reason the Snow-drop is called Fair-maid of February.”

The Snowdrop, considered as the harbinger of spring and the promise of future blessings, is the most cheering and welcome of plants. Rearing its spotless head amid frost and storm, it gives joyous sign of that coming season which is to restore the delights of budding flowers and sunny skies. But there are some persons who, though “skilled in nature’s lore,” deny that it is adapted to awaken pleasing anticipations. “The snow-drop,” writes Mr. Knapp,\* “is a melancholy flower. The season in which the “fair maids of February” come out, is the most dreary and desolate of our year: they peep through the snow that often surrounds them, shivering and cheerless; they convey no idea of reviving nature, and are scarcely the harbingers of milder days,

\* See “ Journal of a Naturalist.”

but rather the emblem of sleety storms, and icy gales, (snowdrop weather,) and wrap their petals round the infant germ, fearing to admit the very air that blows ; and when found beyond the verge of cultivation, they most generally remind us of some deserted dwelling, a family gone, a hearth that smokes no more."

"On the approach of the season of heat, the beauty of this flower is much diminished ; the petals becoming expanded, its simple and elegant ovate form is lost. Nor is culture less injurious to its beautiful simplicity of character: the flower being crowded with petals, the effect of art, which usurp the place of its delicate and essential organs, is no longer that model of elegant simplicity which Nature designed: its original perfection is destroyed by the monstrous attempt to adorn that which was already perfect and lovely, and "unadorned adorned the most." Doubts have been entertained, whether this pearl—this "morning-star of flowers," is really indigenous, or whether it is a relic of cultivation: such situations, however, as at the foot of the Malvern Hills, where it is found, reasonably give it a place in the British Flora, as well as those of Switzerland, Austria, and Silesia."

In the Linnæan arrangement of plants, the Snow-drop is found in the class *Hexandria*, and order *Monogynia*.

## THE SNOW-DROP.

BARBAULD.

ALREADY now the snow-drop dares appear,  
The first pale blossom of th' unripen'd year;  
As Flora's breath, by some transforming  
power,  
Had chang'd an icicle into a flower,  
Its name and hue the scentless plant retains,  
And winter lingers in its icy veins.

---

*The same.*—ANON.

OH! sweetly beautiful it is to mark  
The virgin, vernal snow-drop! lifting up—  
Meek as a nun—the whiteness of its cup,  
From earth's dead bosom, desolate and dark.

---

*The same.*—DARWIN.

FIRST in bright Flora's train *Galantha* glows,  
And prints with frolic step the melting snows:  
Chides with her dulcet voice the tardy spring,  
Bids slumbering Zephyr stretch his folded  
wing,

Wakes the hoarse cuckoo in his gloomy cave,  
And calls the wondering dormouse from his  
grave,  
Bids the mute redbreast cheer the budding  
grove,  
And plaintive ringdove tune her notes to love.

---

*The same—SMITH.*

LIKE pendent flakes of vegetating snow,  
The early herald of the infant year,  
Ere yet the adventurous crocus dares to blow  
Beneath the orchard boughs thy buds appear.

While still the cold north-east ungenial  
lowers,  
And scarce the hazel in the leafless copse  
Or salallows show their downy powdered  
flowers,  
The grass is spangled with thy silver drops.

Yet when those pallid blossoms shall give  
place  
To countless tribes of richer hue and scent,  
Summer's gay blooms, and Autumn's yellow  
race,  
I shall thy pale inodorous bells lament.



So journeying onward in life's varying track,  
Even while warm youth its bright illusion  
    lends,  
Fond memory often with regret looks back  
To childhood's pleasure, and to infant friends.

---

*The same.*—LANGHORNE.

POETS still, in graceful numbers,  
    May the glowing roses choose ;  
But the Snow-drop's simple beauty  
    Better suits an humble Muse.

Earliest bud that decks the garden,  
    Fairest of the fragrant race,  
First-born child of vernal Flora,  
    Seeking mild thy lowly place ;

Tho' no warm or murmuring zephyr  
    Fan thy leaves with balmy wing,  
Pleas'd we hail thee, spotless blossom,  
    Herald of the infant Spring.

Thro' the cold and cheerless season  
    Soft thy tender form expands,  
Safe in unaspiring graces,  
    Foremost of the bloomy bands.

White-rob'd flower, in lonely beauty,  
    Rising from a wintry bed ;

Chilling winds, and blasts ungenial,  
Rudely threat'ning round thy head.

Silv'ry bud, thy pensile foliage  
Seems the 'angry blasts to fear ;  
Yet secure, thy tender texture  
Ornaments the rising year.

No warm tints, or vivid col'ring,  
Paint thy bells with gaudy pride ;  
Mildly charm'd, we seek thy fragrance,  
Where no thorns insidious hide.

'Tis not thine, with flaunting beauty  
To attract the roving sight ;  
Nature, from her varied wardrobe,  
Chose thy vest of purest white.

White, as falls the fleecy shower,  
Thy soft form in sweetness grows ;  
Not more fair the valley's treasure,  
Not more sweet her lily blows.

Drooping harbinger of Flora,  
Simply are thy blossoms drest ;  
Artless as the gentle virtues,  
Mansion'd in the blameless breast.

When to pure and timid virtue  
Friendship twines a votive wreath,  
O'er the fair selected garden  
Thou thy perfume soft shall breathe.

*The same.*—MONTGOMERY.

WINTER, retire !  
Thy reign is past ;  
Hoary Sire !  
Yield the sceptre of thy sway,  
Sound thy trumpet in the blast,  
And call thy storms away ;  
Winter, retire !  
Wherefore do thy wheels delay ?  
Mount the chariot of thine ire,  
And quit the realms of day ;  
On thy state  
Whirlwinds wait ;  
And blood-shot meteors lend thee light ;  
Hence to dreary arctic regions,  
Summon thy terrific legions ;  
Hence to caves of northern night  
Speed thy flight.

From halcyon seas  
And purer skies,  
O southern breeze !  
Awake, arise :  
Breath of heaven ! benignly blow,  
Melt the snow ;  
Breath of heaven ! unchain the floods,  
Warm the woods,  
And make the mountains flow.

Auspicious to the Muse's prayer,  
The freshening gale  
Embalms the vale,  
And breathes enchantment through the air :  
On its wing  
Floats the spring  
With glowing eye, and golden hair :  
Dark before her the Angel-form  
She drives the Demon of the storm,  
Like Gladness chasing Care.

Winter's gloomy night withdrawn,  
Lo! the young romantic Hours  
Search the hill, the dale, the lawn,  
To behold the SNOW-DROP white  
Start to light,  
And shine in Flora's desert bowers,  
Beneath the vernal dawn,  
The Morning Star of Flowers !

O welcome to our isle,  
Thou Messenger of peace !  
At whose bewitching smile  
The embattled tempests cease :  
Emblem of Innocence and Truth !  
First-born of Nature's womb,  
When strong in renovated youth,  
She bursts from Winter's tomb ;

Thy parent's eye hath shed  
A precious dew-drop on thine head,  
Frail as a mother's tear  
Upon her infant's face,  
When ardent hope to tender fear,  
And anxious love, gives place.  
But lo ! the dew-drop flits away,  
The sun salutes thee with a ray  
Warm as a mother's kiss  
Upon her infant's cheek,  
When the heart bounds with bliss,  
And joy that cannot speak !  
—When I meet thee by the way,  
Like a pretty, sportive child,  
On the winter-wasted wild,  
With thy darling breeze at play,  
Opening to the radiant sky  
All the sweetness of thine eye ;  
—Or bright with sun-beams, fresh with  
    showers,  
O thou Fairy-Queen of flowers !  
Watch thee o'er the plain advance  
At the head of Flora's dance ;  
Simple SNOW-DROP ! then in thee  
All thy sister-train I see :  
Every brilliant bud that blows,  
From the blue-bell to the rose ;  
All the beauties that appear

On the bosom of the year ;  
All that wreathe the locks of Spring,  
Summer's ardent breath perfume,  
Or on the lap of Autumn bloom,  
—All to thee their tribute bring,  
Exhale their incense at thy shrine,  
—Their hues, their odours all are thine !  
For while thy humble form I view,  
The Muse's keen prophetic sight  
Brings fair Futurity to light,  
And Fancy's magic makes the vision true.

—There is a Winter in my soul,  
The Winter of despair ;  
O when shall spring its rage controul ?  
When shall the SNOW-DROP blossom  
there ?

Cold gleams of comfort sometimes dart  
A dawn of glory on my heart,  
But quickly pass away :  
Thus Northern lights the gloom adorn,  
And give the promise of a morn  
That never turns to day !

—But hark ! methinks I hear  
A small still whisper in mine ear ;  
“ Rash youth, repent !  
“ Afflictions, from above,  
“ Are Angels sent

“ On embassies of love.  
“ A fiery legion, at thy birth,  
“ Of chastening woes were given,  
“ To pluck thy flowers of Hope from earth,  
“ And plant them high  
“ O'er yonder sky,  
“ Transform'd to stars,—and fix'd in heaven.”

---

*The same.*—MRS. ROBINSON.

THE snow-drop, Winter's timid child,  
Awakes to life, bedew'd with tears ;  
And flings around it fragrance mild,  
And when no rival flowerets bloom  
Amid the bare and chilling gloom,  
A beauteous gem appears !

All weak and wan, with head inclin'd,  
Its parent breast the drifted snow ;  
It trembles while the ruthless wind  
Bends its slim form ; the tempest lowers,  
Its emerald eye drops crystal showers  
On its cold bed below.

Poor flower ! on thee the sunny beam  
No touch of genial warmth bestows ;  
Except to thaw the icy stream,

Whose little current purls along  
Thy fair and glossy charms among,  
And whelms thee as it flows.

The night-breeze tears thy silky dress,  
Which, deck'd with silv'ry lustre, shone ;  
The morn returns not thee to bless,  
The gaudy crocus flaunts its pride,  
And triumphs where its rival died,  
Unshelter'd and unknown.

No sunny beam shall gild thy grave,  
No bird of pity thee deplore ;  
There shall no spreading branches wave,  
For spring shall all her gems unfold,  
And revel 'mid her buds of gold,  
When thou art seen no more.

Where'er I find thee, gentle flower,  
Thou art still sweet and dear to me !  
For I have known the cheerless hour,  
Have seen the sunbeams cold and pale,  
Have felt the chilling wintry gale,  
And wept and shrunk like thee !

---

*The same.*—WORDSWORTH.

LONE Flower, hemmed in with snows, and  
white as they,  
But hardier far, once more I see thee bend



Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,  
Like an unbidden guest. Though day by day,  
Storms, sallying from the mountain-tops, way-  
lay

The rising sun, and on the plains descend ;  
Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend,  
Whose zeal outruns his promise ! Blue-eyed  
May

Shall soon behold this border thickly set  
With bright jonquils, their odours lavishing  
On the soft west wind and his frolic peers ;  
Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,  
Chaste Snow-drop, vent'rous harbinger of  
Spring,

And pensive monitor of fleeting years !

---

*The same.*—HOWITT.

THE Snow-drop ! 'tis an English flower,  
And grows beneath our garden trees ;  
For every heart it has a dower  
Of old and dear remembrances ;  
All look upon it, and straightway  
Recall their youth, like yesterday !  
Their sunny years, when forth they went  
Wandering in weariless content ;  
Their little plot of garden ground,  
The pleasant orchard's quiet bound ;

Their father's home, so free from care,  
And the familiar faces there :

The household voices, kind and sweet,  
That knew no feigning—hushed and gone !  
The mother that was sure to greet  
Their coming with a welcome tone ;  
The brothers, that were children then,  
Now anxious, thoughtful, toiling men ;  
And the kind sisters, whose glad mirth  
Was like a sun-shine on the earth ;—  
These come back to the heart supine,  
Flower of our youth ! at look of thine ;  
And thou, among the dimmed and gone,  
Art an unaltered thing alone !

Unchanged, unchanged the very flower  
That grew in Eden droopingly,  
Which now, beside the peasant's door  
Awakes his merry children's glee,  
Even as it fill'd his heart with joy,  
Beside his mother's door—a boy ;  
The same, and to his heart it brings  
The freshness of those vanished springs.  
Bloom, then, fair flower ! in sun and shade,  
For deep thought in thy cup is laid,  
And careless children in their glee,  
A sacred memory make of thee.

*The same.*—ANON.

OURS is a garden, green and fair,  
And bright with flowers, in June ;  
And spicy shrubs waft odours there  
To the high harvest moon :  
But in spring hours, we scarce know why,  
Our snow-drops only come and die.

The chestnut's solemn boughs disclose  
Their thousand blossoms well,  
And hither comes luxuriant rose,  
Her tale of love to tell :  
The snow-drops tremble and are gone  
From the chill world they glanced upon.

And she was like a bud that died,  
Forgot by all but me ;  
But often at our altar's side,  
When the low grave I see,  
I think how those first flowers of spring  
Fade in their earliest blossoming.

She sleeps not in her father's tomb.  
Nor, when their days are past,  
To rest them in this shadowed gloom,  
Shall kindred come at last :  
Beneath this little marble stone,  
One infant corpse must rest alone.

O blessed lot ! ere guilt and care  
That smile of innocence belie,  
To hide in mother's arms and there,  
Where one has lived to die !  
No dust defiles spring's first-born flower,  
No blight is in the snow-drop's bower.

Yet more—'tis to the infant dead,  
The blessed word is given :  
“ Their angels live ! ” the Saviour said,  
“ Round the bright throne in heaven : ”  
No storm these stainless flowers shall tear,  
The snow-drops never wither there.

THE HISTORY OF THE  
CITY OF LONDON  
FROM THE FOUNDATION  
TO THE PRESENT  
BY JOHN STOW  
1618





NAMES, DEL & SCUL

## THE PRIMROSE.

\* The botanic name, *Primula*, is derived from *primus*, first, prime, or early, and hence *prime-rose* contracted into *primrose*.

This little flower, in itself so fair, shows yet fairer from the early season of its appearance ; peeping forth even from the retreating snows of winter : it forms a happy shade of union between the delicate Snow-drop and the flaming Crocus, which also venture forth in the very dawn of spring.

There are many varieties of the Primrose, so called (the *Polyanthus* and *Auricula*, though bearing other names, are likewise varieties) ; but the most common are the Sulphur-coloured and the Lilac. The Lilac Primrose does not equal the other in beauty : we do not often find it wild ; it is chiefly known to us as a garden-flower. It is indeed the Sulphur-coloured Primrose which we particularly understand by that name : it is *the* Primrose : it is this which we associate with the cowslips and the meadows : it is this which shines like an earth-star from the grass by the brook-side, lighting the hand to pluck it. We do indeed give the name of Primrose to the Lilac flower, but we do this in courtesy ; we feel that it is not the Primrose of our youth ; not the Primrose with which we have played at bo-peep in the woods ; not the irresistible Primrose which has so often lured our young feet into the wet grass, and procured us coughs

and chidings. There is a sentiment in flowers ; there are flowers we cannot look upon, or even hear named, without recurring to something that has an interest in our hearts : such are the Primrose, the Cowslip, the May-flower, the Daisy, &c. &c.

The Cowlip (*Primula veris*) is a British species of *Primula*, and has been immortalized by Shakspeare. " The bases of the segments of its corolla are within of a deep orange colour, and these spots the unrivalled bard has endowed with the office of giving out the delicious fragrance of the flower, and supposes them to have been the gift of the Fairy Queen."

"And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green ;  
The *cowslips* tall her pensioners be :  
In their gold coats spots we see :  
Those be rubies, fairy favours,  
In those freckles live their savours ;  
I must go seek some dewdrops here,  
And hang a pearl in every *cowslip's* ear."



## THE PRIMROSE.

BRING the rathe primrose that forsaken dies.

LYCIDAS.

———— PALE primroses  
That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright Phoebus in his strength,

WINTER'S TALE.

THE yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

MILTON'S MAY MORNING.

O, who can speak his joys when spring's  
young morn

From wood and pasture opened on his view,  
When tender green buds blush upon the thorn,  
And the first primrose dips its leaves in dew!

And while he plucked the primrose in its pride,  
He pondered o'er its bloom 'tween joy and  
pain ;

And a rude sonnet in its praise he tried,  
Where nature's simple way the aid of art  
supplied.

## TO THE PRIMROSE.

ANON.

MARK in yonder thorny vale,  
Fearless of the falling snows,  
Careless of the chilly gale,  
Passing sweet the *Primrose* blows.

Milder gales and warmer beams  
May the gaudier flow'rets rear ;  
But to me the Primrose seems  
Proudest gem that decks the year.

---

## THE EARLY PRIMROSE.

H. K. WHITE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire !  
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,  
Was nursed in whirling storms,  
And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young Spring first question'd  
Winter's sway ;  
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,  
Thee on this bank he threw,  
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,  
Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,  
Unnoticed and alone,  
Thy tender elegance.

So Virtue blooms, brought forth amid the  
storms

Of chill adversity; in some lone walk  
Of life she rears her head,  
Obscure and unobserved;—

While every bleaching breeze that on her  
blows,

Chastens her spotless purity of breast,  
And hardens her to bear  
Serene, the ills of life.

---

*The same.*—LACEY.

SIMPLE pledge of Spring's returning,  
Pleasing 'tis to see thy bloom,  
Winter's rudest terrors spurning,  
Peeping forth from Nature's tomb.

Thy fair form betokens pleasure;  
Though now piercing winds assail,  
Spring, creation's brightest treasure,  
Soon will breathe a warmer gale.

Yet, mild flower, thy fate too often  
Emblem is of infant woe;  
When warm airs stern winter soften,  
Thy pale petals burst and blow.

Soon, on frosty pinions flying,  
Roars the blast with angry breath,  
While around deep snows are lying ;  
Then, mild flower, you sink in death !

So it is with human sorrow :  
Some fair infant smiles in joy ;  
Expectation gilds the morrow ;  
Bliss knows then no keen alloy.

Soon, alas ! stern sickness seizing,  
Sinks the sufferer to his doom ;  
While the soul, with prospects pleasing,  
Mounts to realms beyond the tomb !

---

### THE PRIMROSE.

MRS. HEMANS.

I saw it in my evening walk,  
A little lonely flower ;  
Under a hollow bank it grew,  
Deep in a mossy bower.

An oak's gnarled root to roof the cave,  
With gothic fretwork sprung,  
Whence jewell'd fern, and arum leaves,  
And ivy garlands hung.

And close beneath came sparkling out,  
From an old tree's fallen shell,

A little rill, that clipt about  
The lady in her cell.

And there, methought, with bashful pride,  
She seem'd to sit and look,  
On her own maiden loveliness,  
Pale imaged in the brook.

No other flower, no rival grew  
Beside my pensive maid ;  
She dwelt alone, a cloistered nun  
In solitude and shade.

No sunbeam on that fairy pool,  
Darted its dazzling light ;  
Only, methought, some clear, cold star  
Might tremble there at night.

No ruffling wind could reach her there,  
No eye, methought, but mine ;  
Or the young lambs that came to drink,  
Had spied her secret shrine.

And there was pleasantness to me  
In such belief—cold eyes  
That slight dear Nature's loveliness,  
Profane her mysteries.

Long time I looked and lingered there,  
Absorbed in still delight ;  
My spirit drank deep quietness,  
In with that quiet sight.

*The same.*—CLARE.

WELCOME, pale Primrose ! starting up between  
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak, that  
strew

The very lawn, the wood, and spinney  
through,

Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green ;  
How much thy presence beautifies the  
ground !

How sweet thy modest, unaffected pride  
Glow on the sunny bank, and wood's warm  
side.

And where thy fairy flowers in groups are  
found,

The school-boy roams enchantedly along,  
Plucking the fairest with a rude delight :  
While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,  
To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight ;  
O'erjoy'd to see the flowers that truly bring  
The welcome news of sweet returning Spring.

---

*The same*—ANON.

TERRESTRIAL flower,  
Who risest in the spring,  
And in the sun and shower  
Art blossoming ;

How chastely keep  
The nightly dew on thee,  
O'er which the light and darkness creep,  
Unconsciously.

Thou givest youth  
Instruction, for thy bed  
Will shortly be the grave, in sooth,  
For thy pale head.

---

## TUFT OF PRIMROSES.

KEATS.

WHAT next? a tuft of evening primroses,  
O'er which the mind may hover till it dozes ;  
O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,  
But that 'tis ever startled by the leap  
Of buds into ripe flowers.

---

## THE PRIMROSE.

MICKLE.

SAY, gentle lady of the bower,  
For thou, though young, art wise ;  
And known to thee is every flower  
Beneath our milder skies :

Say, which the plant of modest dye,  
And lovely mien combin'd,

H

That fittest to the pensive eye  
Displays the virtuous mind.

I sought the garden's boasted haunt,  
But on the gay parterre  
Carnations glow, and tulips flaunt ;—  
No humble flow'ret there.

The flower you seek, the nymph replies,  
Has bow'd the languid head :  
For on its bloom the blazing skies  
Their sultry rage have shed.

Yet search yon shade obscure, forlorn,  
Where rude the bramble grows ;  
There, shaded by the humble thorn,  
The lingering primrose blows.

---

*The same.*—BIDLAKE.

PALE Visitant of balmy Spring,  
Joy of the new-born year,  
That bid'st young Hope new-plume his wing,  
Soon as thy buds appear :  
While o'er the incense-breathing sky  
The tepid hours first dare to fly,  
And vainly woo the chilling breeze,  
That, bred in Winter's frozen lap,  
Still strnggling chains the lingering sap  
Within the widow'd trees.



Remote from towns, thy transient life  
 Is spent in skies more pure ;  
 The suburb smoke, the seat of strife,  
 Thou canst but ill endure.  
 Coy rustic ! that art blooming found  
 Where artless Nature's charms abound,  
 Sweet neighbour of the chanter rill ;  
 Well pleased to sip the silver tide,  
 Or, nodding o'er the fountain's side,  
 Self-gazing look thy fill.

Or, on the dingle's shadowy steep,  
 The gaudy furze beneath,  
 Thy modest beauties sweetly peep,  
 Thy chaster odours breathe.  
 From luxury we turn aside,  
 From wealth and ostentatious pride,  
 With many an emblematic thorn,  
 Thy humbler mien well pleased to meet ;  
 Like competence in blest retreat,  
 Thy smiles the Spring adorn.

Thy smiles young Innocence invite,  
 What time thy lids awake,  
 In shadowy lane to taste delight,  
 Or mazy tangled brake.  
 The infant troop of rosy hue,  
 And gay with health I seem to view,

While Pleasure lights their laughing  
eyes ;  
With little hands a wreath combine,  
Their fugitive delights entwine,  
And boast their fragrant prize.

Ah, happy breasts ! unknown to pain,  
I would not spoil your joys ;  
Nor vainly teach you to complain  
Of life's delusive toys :  
Be jocund still, still sport and smile,  
Nor dream of woe or future guile ;  
For soon shall ye awaken'd find  
The joys of life's sad thorny way  
But fading flowerets of a day,  
Cut down by every wind.

---

*The same.*—C. LLOYD.

COME, simple floweret of the paly leaf !  
With yellow eye, and stalk of downy green,  
Though mild thy lustre, though thy days are  
brief,  
Oh, come and decorate my cottage scene !  
For thee, I'll rear a bank where softest moss  
And tenderest grass shall carelessly com-  
bine ;

No haughty flower shall shine in gaudy gloss,  
But azure violets mix their buds with thine.  
Far, far away, each keener wind shall fly,  
Each threatening tempest of the early year !  
Thy fostering gale shall be the lover's sigh !  
The dew that gems thy bud the lover's tear !  
And ere thou diest, pale flower, thou'lt gain  
the praise  
To have soothed the bard, and to have in-  
spired his lays.

---

*The same.*—MAYNE.

By murmuring Nith, my native stream,  
I've hailed thee with the morning beam,  
Wooded thee among the Falls of Clyde—  
On Leven's banks—on Kelvin side !  
And now, on Hanwell's flowery plain,  
I welcome thy return again—  
At Hanwell, where romantic views,  
And sylvan scenes, invite the Muse ;  
And where, lest erring Man should stray,  
Truth's blameless Teacher leads the way !  
Lorn tenant of the peaceful glade,  
Emblem of Virtue in the shade,  
Rearing thy head to brave the storm  
That would thine innocence deform !

Of all the flowers that grace the Spring—  
Of all the flowers the seasons bring,  
To me, while doomed to linger here,  
The lowly Primrose shall be dear !

Sprung, like a Primrose, in the wild,  
Short, like the Primrose, Marion smiled ;  
The Spring that gave her blossoms birth,  
Tore her for ever from the earth ;  
Nor left, ah me ! one bud behind  
To tranquillize a Parent's mind,  
Save that sweet bud which strews the way,  
Blest Hope, to an eternal May !

Lorn tenant of the peaceful glade,  
Emblem of Virtue in the shade !  
Pure as the blossoms on yon thorn,  
Spotless as her for whom we mourn !  
Of all the flowers that greet the Spring—  
Of all the flowers the seasons bring,  
To me, while doomed to linger here,  
The lowly Primrose shall be dear.

---

TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH  
MORNING DEW.

HERRICK.

Why do you weep ? Can tears  
Speak grief in you

Who were but born  
Just as the modest morn  
Teem'd her refreshing dew ?

Alas ! you have not known that shower  
That mars a flower ;  
Nor felt th' unkind  
Breath of a blasting wind ;  
Nor are ye worn with years ;  
Nor warped as we,  
Who think it strange to see  
Such pretty flowers like to orphans young,  
To speak by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, \* \* \* \* and make known

The reason why  
Ye droop and weep ;  
Is it for want of sleep,  
Or childish lullaby ?  
Or that ye have not seen as yet  
The violet ?

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

No, no ; this sorrow, shown  
By your tears shed,  
Would have this lecture read,  
That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,  
Conceived with grief are, and with tears  
brought forth.

TO THE EVENING OR TREE  
PRIMROSE.

BARTON.

FAIR Flower, that shunn'st the glare of day,  
Yet lov'st to open, meekly bold,  
To evening's hues of sober grey,  
Thy cup of paly gold ;—

Be thine the offering, owing long  
To thee, and to this pensive hour,  
Of one brief tributary song,  
Though transient as thy flower.

I love to watch at silent eve,  
Thy scatter'd blossoms lonely light,  
And have my inmost heart receive  
The influence of that sight.

I love at such an hour to mark  
Their beauty greet the night breeze chill,  
And shine, 'mid shadows gathering dark,  
The garden's glory still.

For such 'tis sweet to think the while,  
When cares and griefs the breast invade,  
Is friendship's animating smile  
In sorrow's dark'ning shade.

Thus it bursts forth like thy pale cup,  
Glist'ning amid its dewy tears,

And bears the sinking spirit up,  
Amid its chilling fears.

But still more animating far,  
If meek Religion's eye may trace,  
Even in thy glimm'ring earth-born star,  
The holier hope of grace.

The hope that as thy beauteous bloom,  
Expands to glad the close of day ;  
So through the shadows of the tomb,  
May break forth Mercy's ray.

---

*The same.*—POLWHELE.

WHILE proudly flaunt, to lure the gaze,  
My little family of flowers,  
Retiring from the noontide blaze,  
Thou lovest, meek plant, the evening hours.

Not with the gay carnation's blush  
Hath e'en the crimson orient vied ;  
Here, as it riots in the flush,  
The harlotry, of floral pride.

The rich nasturtium's orange hues  
Bright in the summer-sunbeam play ;  
And, lo ! its fitful flame pursues  
The last faint smile of lingering day.

And when my garden's motley train  
Are shadowed by the veil of night,  
With stedfast look we scarce sustain  
Its flashes of phosphoric light.

'Tis then, my evening friend, thine eyes  
I see thee slow, serene, unclosed ;  
And, if a cloud obscure the skies,  
Would shield from storm thy pale repose.

Then oft, the sultry heats o'erpast,  
I bid thee lift thy modest head,  
And hail thy tints, so cool, so chaste,  
Rejoicing in the silent shade.

And if thou owe, to shine afraid,  
Thy lustre to the pearly dew,  
I greet thee like some timid maid,  
Thus stealing light, and trembling, too



## COWSLIP.

We have given some description of the Cowslip (*Primula veris*), in our account of the Primrose (*Primula vulgaris*), but it is entitled to a more extended notice.

“The name of Cowslip seems to be derived from the Saxon word Cuslippe, and was probably given to the flower, on account of the resemblance which its perfume has to the breath of a cow, or from its being so closely pressed by the lip of the cow in the pastures, where it is considered an injurious weed.

“The Primrose seeks the partial shade of hedgerows, the banks of sheltered lanes, and the borders of woods and coppices, delighting in concealment; but the Cowslip advances boldly into the open fields, and decorates the sloping hills with its pendant umbels of fragrant blossoms.

“Although every lover of nature hails with pleasure the first appearance of the pale Primrose, seated on the hazel bank, surrounded with its puckered leaves, yet it fails to give those joyous sensations which arise at the first sight of the meadow “gay with gaudy cowslips drest.” The latter flower as forcibly brings to mind the frolics of our childhood, as the former reminds us of past friends and rural walks; for the soft tint of the Primrose, like the mild beam of the moon, seems to invite us on to moral reflections and quiet contemplation.”

The corollas of the Cowslip are often gathered to make a kind of liqueur wine, which is thought to promote sleep.

“ Thy little sons

Permit to range th' pastures ; gladly they  
Will mow the Cowslip posies, faintly sweet,  
From whence thou artificial wines shalt drain  
Of icy taste, that in mid servors, best  
Slack craving thirst, and mitigate the day.”

PHILLIPS.

The calyx of the Cowslip is the most delicate of all the shades of green which are presented to us by the vegetable kingdom.

Both the Primrose and the Cowslip belong to the class Pentandria, and order Monogynia.

## THE COWSLIP.

How cheerful along the gay mead,  
The Daisy and Cowslip appear !

WHEN April's smiles the flowery lawn adorn,  
And modest Cowslips deck the streamlet's  
side ;

When fragrant orchards to the roseate morn  
Unfold their bloom, in heaven's own colours  
dyed.

MICKLE.

THE flowery May, who from her green lap  
throws

The yellow Cowslip and the pale Primose.

MILTON.

WHERE the bee sucks, there lurk I ;

In a Cowslip's bell I lie :

There I couch when owls do cry.

TEMPEST.

WHILST from off the waters fleet

Thus I set my printless feet

O'er the Cowslip's velvet head

That bends not as I tread.

MILTON.

——— rich in vegetable gold,  
 From calyx pale the freckled Cowslip born,  
 Receives in amber cup the fragrant dews of  
 morn.

ANON.

——— Cowslips wan, that hang the pensive  
 head.

MILTON.

### ON FINDING AN EARLY COWSLIP.

ANON.

It is the same ! it is the very scent  
 That bland, yet luscious, meadow-breathing  
 sweet  
 Which I remember when my childish feet,  
 With a new life's rejoicing spirit, went  
 Thro' the deep grass with wild flow'rs richly  
 blent,  
 That smiled to high Heav'n from their verdant  
 seat.  
 But it brings not to thee such joy complete :  
 Thou canst not see, as I do, how we spent  
 In blessedness, in sunshine, and in flow'rs,  
 The beautiful noon ; and then, how seated  
 round  
 The odorous pile, upon the shaded ground,

A boyish group—we laughed away the hours,  
Plucking the yellow blooms for future wine,  
While o'er us played a mother's smile divine.

---

## COWSLIPS.

HOWITT.

Oh! fragrant dwellers of the lea,  
When first the wild wood rings  
With each sound of vernal minstrelsy,  
When fresh the green grass springs!

What can the blessed Spring restore  
More gladdening than your charms;  
Bringing the memory once more  
Of lovely fields and farms!

Of thickets, breezes, birds and flowers;  
Of life's unfolding prime;  
Of thoughts as cloudless as the hours;  
Of souls without a crime.

Oh! blessed, blessed do ye seem,  
For, even now, I turned,  
With soul athirst for wood and stream,  
From streets that glared and burned.

From the hot town, where mortal care  
His crowded fold doth pen;

Where stagnates the polluted air  
In many a sultry den.

And ye are here ! and ye are here !  
Drinking the dewlike wine,  
Midst living gales, and waters clear,  
And heaven's unstinted shine.

I care not that your little life  
Will quickly have run through,  
And the sward, with summer children rife,  
Keep not a trace of you.

For again, again, on dewy plain,  
I trust to see you rise,  
When spring renews the wild wood strain,  
And bluer gleam the skies.

Again, again, when many springs  
Upon my grave shall shine,  
Here shall you speak of vanished things,  
To living hearts of mine.





BANKS, DEL & SCULP



## THE DAISY.

“ We presume that this flower was called daisy or days-eye, from the nature of its blossom, which expands at the opening of day and closes at sunset.

“ The little dazie that at evening closes.

SPENSER.

By a daisy, whose leaves spread  
Shut when Titan goes to bed.

G. WITHERS.

“ The most careless observer of plants must have noticed that the daisy not only closes its petals at night, but that they are also carefully folded over the yellow disk in rainy weather. It must likewise have struck the attention of the curious, that not only this flower, but most others which are natives of moist climates, have the power, we may almost say instinct, of securing their essential parts of fructification from the rains of the day or the dews of the night, whilst those of regular dry climates are quite destitute of this wise provision of nature.

“ The Latins named this plant *Bellis*, as some suppose from the adjective *Bellus* ; while others are of opinion that it was called *Bellus à bello*, from its being found useful in the field of battle, to heal the wounds of soldiers, on which account it has also been called *Consolida*.

In Yorkshire, this plant is called Dog-daisy and Bainwort: and in Scotland, Gowan, a name which in that country is also applied to the dandelion, hawkweed, &c.

“ The opening gowan wet with dew.”

The structure of the Daisy is thus vividly and beautifully described, in Rousseau's Letters on Botany :—

“Take one of those little flowers, which at this season cover all the pastures, and which every body knows by the name of the *Daisy*. Look at it well ; for, by its appearance, I am sure you will be surprised when I tell you that this flower, which is so small and delicate, is really composed of between two and three hundred other flowers, all of them perfect : that is, having each its corolla, germ, pistil, stamens, and seed ; in a word, as perfect in its species as a flower of the Hyacinth or Lily. Every one of those leaves which are white above and red underneath, and form a kind of crown round the flower, appearing to be nothing more than little petals, are in reality so many true flowers ; and every one of those tiny yellow things also which you see in the centre, and which at first you have perhaps taken for nothing but stamens, are real flowers. If your fingers were already exercised in botanical dissections, and you were armed with a good glass and plenty of patience, I might convince you of the truth of this : but at present you must begin, if you please, by believing me on my word, for fear of fatiguing your attention upon

atoms. However, to put you at least in the way, pull out one of the white leaves from the flower; you will think at first that it is flat from one end to the other; but look carefully at the end by which it was fastened to the flower, and you will see that it is not flat, but round and hollow in form of a tube, and that a little thread ending in two horns issues from the tube; this thread is the forked style of the flower, which, as you now see, is flat only at top.

“Now look at those little yellow things in the middle of the flower, and which, as I have told you, are all so many flowers; if the flower be sufficiently advanced, you will see several of them open in the middle, and even cut into several parts.

“These are monopetalous corollas, which expand; and a glass will easily discover in them the pistil, and even the anthers with which it is surrounded. Commonly the yellow florets towards the centre are still rounded and closed. These, however, are flowers like the others, but not yet open; for they expand successively from the edge inwards. This is enough to show you by the eye the possibility that all these small affairs, may be so many distinct flowers; and this is a constant fact. You perceive, nevertheless, that all these little flowers are pressed, and inclosed in a calyx, which is common to them all, and which is that of the Daisy. In considering then the whole Daisy as one flower, we give it a very significant name, when we call it a *compound flower*.”

“The Daisy has been made the emblem of innocence, because it contributes more than any other flower to infantine amusement and joys of childhood. Who can see or hear the name of this interesting plant without being carried back in imagination to his earliest pleasures? Who can behold it “powdering the meads” at returning spring, without a thousand delightful recollections of days, when nature first unfolded her beauties to his enraptured eye?—The Daisy is a favourite with man, woman, and child: it is the *robin* of flowers. Turn it all ways, and on every side you will find new beauty. You are attracted by the snowy white leaves, contrasted by the golden tuft in the centre, as it rears its head above the green grass: pluck it, and you will find it backed by a delicate star of green and tipped with a blush-colour, or a bright crimson.

“Daisy with their pinky lashes”

are among the first darlings of spring, and are in flower almost all the year.

“In France, the children form a playful circle, and strip off a petal each from the single daisy repeating, *Il m’ aime un peu, passionément, pas du tout,\** and so on to the last, fearing all the time to pronounce the word in which the circle should finish.

“The Daisy, according to the Linnæan arrangement belongs to the class *Syngenesia* and order *Polygamia Superflua*.

\* He loves me a little, ardently, not at all.

## THE DAISY.

By dimpled brook and fountain brim,  
The wood-nymphs, decked with daisies trim,  
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep.

MILTON'S COMUS.

—— in the spring and play-time of the year,  
That calls the unwonted villager abroad  
With all her little ones, a sportive train,  
To gather kingcups in the yellow mead,  
And prank their hair with daisies.

COWPER.

THE daisy scattered on each mead and down,  
A golden tuft within a silver crown ;  
Fair fall that dainty flower ! and may there be  
No shepherd graced that doth not honour thee !

W. BROWNE.

For scarcely on Devon's genial sky  
The faithful daisy shuts her watchful eye !

CARRINGTON.

TO A DAISY, BLOOMING IN THE  
DEPTH OF WINTER.

MILLHOUSE.

Too forward Beauty! was it wisely done,  
Thus premature to throw thy virgin charms  
Into decrepid January's arms?  
A tardy wooer he; for, lo! his sun  
With grudging aspect gives a feeble ray.  
Soon will the circle of thy joys be run;  
Thy spring shall finish ere 'tis well begun,  
Nor ever greet the nuptial tribes of May.  
E'en while thou dost unfold thy bosom gay,  
I hear the tempest muttering in the north;  
The breezes, keener-edged, are coming forth;  
And how shalt thou withstand the icy fray?  
Sweet floret! while *thy* fate I thus bemoan,  
Gloomy anticipation paints my own.

---

## THE DAISY.

ON FINDING ONE IN FULL BLOOM ON  
CHRISTMAS DAY.

MONTGOMERY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,  
With silver crest and golden eye,  
That welcomes every changing hour,  
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field,  
In gay but quick succession shine,  
Race after race their honours yield,  
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,  
While moons and stars their courses run,  
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,  
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,  
To sultry August spreads its charms,  
Lights pale October on his way,  
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath, and golden broom,  
On moory mountains catch the gale.  
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,  
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,  
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,  
Plays on the margin of the rill,  
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round  
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;  
And blooms on consecrated ground  
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,  
The wild bee murmurs on its breast,  
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,  
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page :—In every place,  
In every season, fresh and fair,  
It opens with perennial grace,  
And blossoms every-where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,  
Its humble buds unheeded rise ;  
The rose has but a summer-reign,  
The daisy never dies.

---

## THE DAISY.

LEYDEN.

STAR of the mead ! sweet daughter of the day,  
Whose opening flower invites the morning ray.  
From thy moist cheek, and bosom's chilly fold,  
To kiss the tears of eve, the dew-drops cold !  
Sweet Daisy, flower of love ! when birds are  
paired,

'Tis sweet to see thee, with thy bosom bared,  
Smiling, in virgin innocence, serene,  
Thy pearly crown above thy vest of green.  
The lark, with sparkling eye, and rustling wing,  
Rejoins his widowed mate in early spring,



And as she prunes his plumes, of russet hue,  
Swears, on thy maiden blossom, to be true.

Oft have I watched thy closing buds at eve,  
Which for the parting sun-beams seemed to  
grieve,

And, when gay morning gilt the dew-bright  
plain,

Seen them unclasp their folded leaves again :  
Nor he who sung—‘ the Daisy is so sweet ’—  
More dearly loved thy pearly form to greet ;  
When on his scarf the knight the Daisy bound,  
And dames at tourneys shone, with daisies  
crown’d,

And fays forsook the purer fields above,  
To hail the daisy, flower of faithful love.

*The same.*—WORDSWORTH.

WITH little here to do or see  
Of things that in the great world be,  
Sweet Daisy ! oft I talk to thee,

For thou art worthy,  
Thou unassuming Common-place  
Of nature, with that homely face,  
And yet with something of a grace,  
Which Love makes for thee !

Oft on the dappled turf at ease  
I sit, and play with similies,

Loose types of Things through all degrees,  
Thoughts of thy raising :  
And many a fond and idle name  
I give to thee, for praise or blame,  
As is the humour of the game,  
While I am gazing.

A Nun demure, of lowly port ;  
Or sprightly Maiden, of Love's Court,  
In thy simplicity the sport  
Of all temptations ;  
A Queen in crown of rubies drest ;  
A Starveling in a scanty vest ;  
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,  
Thy appellations.

A little Cyclops, with one eye  
Staring to threaten and defy,  
That thought comes next—and instantly  
The freak is over,  
The shape will vanish, and behold  
A silver Shield with boss of gold,  
That spreads itself, some Faery bold  
In fight to cover !

I see thee glittering from afar ;—  
And then thou art a pretty Star ;  
Not quite so fair as many are  
In heaven above thee !

Yet like a star, with glittering crest,  
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest;—  
May peace come never to his nest,  
Who shall reprove thee !

Sweet Flower ! for by that name at last,  
When all my reveries are past,  
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,  
Sweet silent Creature !  
That breath'st with me in sun and air,  
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair,  
My heart with gladness, and a share  
Of thy meek nature !

---

## MASON GOOD.

Nor worlds on worlds in phalanx deep,  
Need we to prove a God is here ;  
The Daisy, fresh from Winter's sleep,  
Tells of his hand in lines as clear.

For who but he who arched the skies,  
And pours the day-spring's living flood,  
Wondrous alike in all he tries,  
Could rear the daisy's purple bud?—

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem ;  
Its fringed border nicely spin ;  
And cut the gold-embossed gem,  
That, set in silver, gleams within ?—

And fling it, unrestrain'd and free,  
O'er hill and dale, and desert sod,  
That man, where'er he walks, may see,  
In every step, the stamp of God.

---

*The same.*—WORDSWORTH.

IN youth from rock to rock I went,  
From hill to hill, in discontent,  
Of pleasure high and turbulent,  
Most pleased when most uneasy ;  
But now my own delights I make,—  
My thirst at every rill can slake,  
And gladly Nature's love partake  
Of thee, sweet Daisy !

When soothed awhile by milder airs,  
Thee Winter in the garland wears,  
That thinly shades his few grey hairs,  
Spring cannot shun thee ;  
Whole summer fields are thine by right ;  
And Autumn, melancholy wight,  
Doth in thy crimson head delight  
When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,  
Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane ;  
If welcomed once, thou count'st it gain,

Thou art not daunted ;  
Nor carest if thou be set at nought ;  
And oft alone in nooks remote  
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,  
When such are wanted.

Be violets, in their secret mews  
The flowers the wanton Zephyrs choose ;  
Proud be the Rose, with rains and dews  
Her head impearling :  
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,  
Yet hast not gone without thy fame ;  
Thou art indeed, by many a claim,  
The poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,  
Or some bright day of April sky,  
Imprison'd by hot sunshine lie  
Near the green holly ;  
And wearily at length should fare,  
He need but look about, and there  
Thou art !—a friend at hand, to scare  
His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower,  
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,  
Have I derived from thy sweet power  
Some apprehension ;  
Some steady love, some brief delight,

Some memory that had taken flight;  
Some chime of fancy, wrong or right,  
Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,  
And one chancee look to thee should turn,  
I drink out of an humbler urn  
A lowlier pleasure;  
The homely sympathy that heeds  
The common life our nature breeds  
A wisdom fitted to the needs  
Of hearts at leisure.

When, smitten by the morning ray,  
I see thee rise alert and gay,  
Then, cheerful flower! my spirits play  
With kindred gladness;  
And when, at dusk, by dews opprest  
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest  
Hath often eased my pensive breast  
Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet,  
All seasons through, another debt,  
Which I, wherever thou art met,  
To thee am owing;  
An instinct call it, a blind sense,  
A happy genial influence,  
Coming one knows not how nor whence,  
Nor whither going.

Child of the Year ! that round dost run  
Thy course, bold lover of the sun,  
And cheerful when the day's begun  
    As morning leveret,—  
Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain ;  
Dear shalt thou be to future men  
As in old time ;—thou, not in vain,  
    Art Nature's favourite.

---

*The same.*—W. FLETCHER.

LITTLE flow'r with starry brow,  
Slumb'ring in thy bed of snow ;  
Or with lightly tinged ray,  
Winter gone and storms away,  
Peeping from thy couch of green,  
With modest head and simple mien ;  
How I love to see thee lie  
In thy low serenity,  
Basking in the gladsome beam ;  
Or, beside some murm'ring stream,  
Gently bowing from thy nest,  
Greet the water's silver breast.  
Or 'mid fissure of the rock,  
Hidden from the tempest's shock,  
Vie with snowy lily's bell—  
Queen and fairy of the dell.

Thee nor wind nor storm can tear  
From thy lonely mountain lair ;  
Nor the sleety, sweeping rain,  
Root thee from thy native plain.  
Winter's cold, nor summer's heat,  
Blights thee in thy snug retreat ;  
Chilled by snow, or scorched by flame,  
Thou for ever art the same.  
Type of truth, and emblem fair  
Of virtue struggling through despair,  
Close may sorrows hem it round,  
Troubles bend it to the ground,  
Yet the soul within is calm,  
Dreads no anguish, fears no harm ;  
Conscious that the hand which tries  
All its latent energies,  
Can, with more than equal pow'r,  
Bear it through temptation's hour ;  
Still the conflict, soothe its sighs,  
And plant it 'neath congenial skies.

---

*The same.*—WORDSWORTH.

BRIGHT flower, whose home is every where !  
A Pilgrim bold in Nature's care,  
And oft, the long year through, the heir  
Of joy or sorrow,



Methinks that there abides in thee  
Some concord with humanity,  
Given to no other Flower I see  
The forest thorough!

And wherefore? Man is soon deprest ;  
A thoughtless Thing! who, once unblest,  
Does little on his memory rest,  
Or on his reason ;  
But thou would'st teach him how to find  
A shelter under every wind,  
A hope for times that are unkind  
And every season.

---

## THE DAISY IN INDIA.

MONTGOMERY.

Supposed to be addressed by the Rev. Dr. Carey, one of the Baptist Missionaries at Serampore, to the first plant of this kind, which sprung up unexpectedly in his garden, out of some English earth, in which other seeds had been conveyed to him from this country. With great care and nursing, the Doctor has been enabled to perpetuate the Daisy in India, as an annual only, raised by seed preserved from season to season.

THrice welcome, little English flower!  
My mother-country's white and red,  
In rose or lily, till this hour,  
Never to me such beauty spread :  
Transplanted from thine island-bed,

A treasure in a grain of earth,  
Strange as a spirit from the dead,  
Thine embryo sprang to birth.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !  
Whose tribes, beneath our natal skies,  
Shut close their leaves while vapours lower ;  
But, when the sun's gay beams arise,  
With unabash'd, but modest eyes,  
Follow his motion to the west,  
Nor cease to gaze till daylight dies,  
Then fold themselves to rest.

Thrice welcome, little English flower,  
To this resplendent hemisphere,  
Where Flora's giant offspring tower,  
In gorgeous liveries all the year ;  
Thou, only thou, art little here,  
Like worth unfriended and unknown,  
Yet to my British heart more dear  
Than all the torrid zone.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !  
Of early scenes beloved by me,  
While happy in my father's bower,  
Thou shalt the blithe memorial be ;  
The fairy sports of infancy,  
Youth's golden age, and manhood's prime,  
Home, country, kindred, friends,—with thee,  
I find in this fair clime.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !  
 I'll rear thee with a trembling hand ;  
 Oh, for the April sun and shower,  
 The sweet May-dews of that fair land,  
 Where daisies, thick as star-light stand  
 In every walk !—that here may shoot  
 Thy scions, and thy buds expand,  
 A hundred from one root.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !  
 To me the pledge of hope unseen ;  
 When sorrow would my soul o'erpower  
 For joys that were, or might have been,  
 I'll call to mind, how, fresh and green,  
 I saw thee waking from the dust ;  
 Then turn to heaven with brow serene,  
 And place in God my trust.

---

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,  
 ON TURNING ONE DOWN' WITH THE PLOUGH.

BURNS.

SMALL, modest, crimson-tipped flower,  
 Thou'st met me in an evil hour,  
 For I must crush among the stoures  
     Thy slender stem :  
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,  
     Thou bonny gem !

Alas ! 'tis not thy neighbour sweet,  
The bonny lark, companion meet,  
Bending thee 'mong the dewy wheat,  
    With speckled breast—  
When upward springing, blithe to greet  
    The purpling east.

Cold blew the bitter-biting North  
Upon thy early humble birth ;  
Yet cheerfully thou ventarest forth  
    Amid the storm,  
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth  
    Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,  
High-shelt'ring woods and wall must shield  
But thou between the random bield  
    Of clod or stone,  
Adorn'st the rugged stubble field,  
    Unseen, alone.

There in thy scanty mantle clad,  
Thy snowy bosom sunward spread,  
Thou lift'st thy unassuming head  
    In humble guise :  
But now the share uptears thy bed,  
    And low thou lies !

## THE MICHAELMAS DAISY.

ANON.

LAST smile of the departing year,  
Thy sister sweets are flown !  
Thy pensive wreath is far more dear  
From blooming thus alone.

Thy tender blush, thy simple frame,  
Unnoticed might have passed ;  
But now thou com'st with softer claim,  
The loveliest and the last.

Sweet are the charms in thee we find,—  
Emblem of hope's gay wing ;  
'Tis thine to call past bloom to mind,  
To promise future spring.

---

*The same.*—MISS MITFORD.

WITHIN my little garden is a flower—  
A tuft of flowers, most like a sheaf of corn,  
The lilac-blossomed daisy that is born  
At Michaelmas, wrought by the gentle power  
Of this sweet Autumn into one bright shower  
Of blooming beauty ; Spring hath nought  
more fair,  
Four sister butterflies inhabit there :

Gay, gentle creatures ! Round that odorous  
bower

They weave their dance of joy the livelong  
day,

Seeming to bless the sunshine; and at night  
Fold their enamelled wings, as if to pray.

Home-loving pretty ones ! would that I might  
For richer gifts as cheerful tribute pay,  
So meet the rising dawn, so hail the parting  
ray.







## SWEET VIOLET.

“What the origin of the word *Viola* is, cannot be precisely determined. It has been fabled, however, that the Greek name of the plant, *Ιον* (*ion*), is taken from the circumstance, that, when the nymph *Io* was changed by Jupiter into a cow, this plant sprang from the earth to become her food. From the same fable the term *Viola* is supposed to have had its origin, *viola* being formed from *vitula* (which means a young cow) by dropping the *t*.”

“The *Viola odorata*, or Sweet-Violet, is a native of every part of Europe, in woods, bushes, and hedges, flowering in March and April. The flower varies in colour, though most commonly a deep purple: it is sometimes of a pale purple, sometimes a red purple, flesh-coloured, or quite white; but it is always delightfully fragrant.

“The growth of the Sweet Violet is not confined to Europe; it perfumes the paler groves of Barbary during winter, it flourishes in Palestine, and both Japan and China boast of this fragrant flower. Hasselquist tells us that it is one of the plants most esteemed in Syria, and particularly on account of its great use in sherbet, which is made with violet sugar.”

“Nature has guarded the nectary of this plant in a manner that must excite our warmest admiration, and which at the same time must strengthen the opinion that this saccharine juice is vitally important to the parts of fructification. The two side petals are furnished with a kind of beard, which keeps out the smallest insect; at the same time it admits air, which appears to be necessary in the formation of the nectar or honey. The entrance of the spur is grooved on the under side, but this channel is occupied by the stigma, which bends its hook into the groove, as if to partake of the effluvia of the nectar.

“The stigma of the Sweet Violet, when attached to the seed-vessel, is not unlike the Ostrich in shape, but when the corolla and calyx are carefully removed, leaving only the parts of fructification attached to the receptacle, a most beautiful miniature bird is represented; the stigma forms the head and beak, the anthers make a golden breast, whilst their tongues appear like a pair of green wings.

The Violet is celebrated by the poets as the emblem of modesty, innocence, and faithfulness, and is scarcely less a favourite with them than the Rose. Mr. Barry Cornwall even claims for it the palm of precedence, contending that modesty is more desirable than beauty; but notwithstanding its retiring simplicity and elegance, we hardly expect that the florists will consent to crown it the Queen of Flowers. In Paris, notwithstanding

the arbitrary regulations of Fashion, which reach even to the sale of flowers, this fragrant plant is constantly held in such high estimation that the French florists check the early flowering of some of their plants, so as to secure blossoms in the height of summer, and these may be frequently met with at the celebrated *Marché aux Fleurs*, even in the months of August and September.

“ It is related of Mademoiselle Clairon, that being passionately fond of Violets, a friend cultivated them so as to give her a nosegay of these flowers every morning during their season. This fragrant offering lasted thirty years, and to lose nothing of a gift which friendship and constancy rendered so precious to her who received it, she stripped off the flower petals every evening, and took them in an infusion like tea.

“ It was the Violet which induced John Bertram, a quaker of Pennsylvania, to study plants. He had employed his time in agricultural pursuits without a knowledge of botany, but being in a field one day he gathered a Violet, examined its formation, and reflected upon it until he became so prepossessed with the flower that he dreamed of it. This circumstance inspired him with a desire of becoming acquainted with plants; he therefore learned for that purpose as much Latin as was necessary, and soon became the most learned Botanist of the new world.

## PANSY VIOLET.

“ The Heart’s Ease, which is a native of most parts of Europe, as well as of England, is a species of Violet, and is frequently called the Pansy-violet, or Pansy, a corruption of the French name *Pensées*.

“ The small varieties of this plant are scentless, but the larger ones have an agreeable odour. Drayton celebrates its perfume by the flowers with which he compares it in this respect :

“ The pansy and the violet, here,  
As seeming to descend  
Both from one root, a very pair,  
For sweetness do contend.

And pointing to a pink to tell  
Which bears it, it is loth  
To judge it : but replies, for smell  
That it excels them both.

Wherewith displeased they hang their heads,  
So angry soon they grow,  
And from their odoriferous beds  
Their sweets at it they throw.”

“ The Persians themselves have not a greater number of fond appellations for the rose, than the people of Europe for the Heart’s-ease. The provincial names which from its beautiful colours are bestowed upon it in England, are alike amusing and various. The following are a specimen :

Love in Idleness	Herb Trinity
Live in Idleness	Flamy
Call me to you	Flower of Jove
Call me to you	Three faces under a wood

## DOG VIOLET.

“ The Violet without perfume has been named Dog’s violet, *Viola Canina*, to express a degree of inferiority to that of the odorous kind. It grows in more open and exposed situations than the Sweet Violet, often covering large spaces on heaths and downs with its fine blue flowers, the petals of which are strongly marked with lines like those of the Heart’s-ease.”

We conclude our description of violets, with the following interesting address to them, extracted from “ The Spirit and Manners of the Age : ”—

“ Sweet violets! ye awaken the reflecting mind to thought,—ye bid me muse on the varied works of the Almighty hand. How manifold are his works—in wisdom he hath made them all. The earth, yea, all worlds are full of his boundless riches!

“ But ye are not *all* the violets which his hand has formed. O no. They are innumerable. Countless multitudes of human beings, no less than myself, shall be regaled with their delicious fragrance. Who can tell where the divine benignity ends? It has no termination; it is not only immense, but infinite.

“ Fragrant monitors! I will not forget where ye grow. It was on yonder mossy bank, warm with the earliest beams of the opening day Ye shone in secret,—ye were

beautiful, but your charms were concealed. But ye threw abroad your delicious sweets; the little ones sought you out, they brought you to be admired in the public gaze. So, the Christian, in secret, walks humbly with his God,—so, though arrayed in the beautiful garments of the skies, ‘He shines contented without being seen.’ And thus, perpetually, he pours forth to the heavens the incense of his praise.

“But the place where ye grew, knows you not. It will never know you any more. In a little while you will wither and die, and crumble into dust. So, man also, the monarch of the creation, languishes and expires, and soon mingles with the dust, out of which he was formed. But he has a spirit which will survive the ruins of the grave, and will live for ever. And even the mortal body shall put on immortality. The saying that is written shall, indeed, be brought to pass, ‘Death is swallowed up in victory!’ He, who bowed his head on the cross, and died for guilty man,—he has said, ‘I am the resurrection and the life! he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.’”

The Sweet Violet is of the class *Pentandria*, and order *Monogynia*; and the Heart’s Ease, or *Viola Tricolor* of the class *Syngenesia*, and order *Monogynia*.

## VIOLETS.

————— LET the beauteous violet  
Be planted, which, with purple and with gold  
Richly adorned, ———  
And that which creeps pale-coloured on the  
ground.

COLUMELLA.

————— Violets, dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath.

WINTER'S TALE.

——— the trembling violet, which eyes  
The sun but once, and unrepining dies.

And violets, whose looks are like the skies.

BARRY CORNWALL.

————— steals timidly away,  
Shrinking as violets do in summer's ray.

That strain again ; it had a dying fall :  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odour.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen

By slow Meander's margent green,  
And in the violet-embroider'd vale.

MILTON.

——— They are as gentle  
As zephyrs, blowing below the Violet,  
Not wagging his sweet head.

CYMBELINE.

OR when the blue-eyed Violet weeps upon  
Some sloping bank.

B. CORNWALL.

SHELTERED from the piercing north,  
Pure and meek, like modest worth,  
See her ope, her dark-blue eye,  
Like a midnight frosty sky,  
Changeless hue of constancy.

ANON.

Oft in shades sequestered found,  
Dwelling lonely on the ground,  
Scattering sweetest odours round.

ANON.

THE way-side violet,  
That shines unseen, and, were it not  
For its sweet breath, would be forgot.

ANON.



## THE HANDFUL OF VIOLETS.

ANON.

AND shall the muse to thee her praise deny,  
Thou best, tho' most diminutive of flowers ?  
For where can Nature, thro' her wide domains,  
Boast other odours half so sweet as thine ?  
Tho' the striped tulip, and the blushing rose,  
The polyanthus broad, with golden eye,  
The full carnation, and the lily tall,  
Display their beauties in the gay parterre,  
In costly gardens, where th' unlicensed feet  
Of rustics tread not—yet that lavish hand,  
Which scatters violets under ev'ry thorn,  
Forbids that sweets like these should be con-  
fined  
Within the limits of the rich man's wall.

---

## TO AN EARLY VIOLET.

HOWITT.

HERALD of brighter hours ! why from thy rest  
Thus early dost thou start ? chill is the  
gale,  
To form, like thine, so beautiful and frail.  
The rook, with careful cries that seeks its nest,  
Flings its broad shadow on thy dewy breast.

For sunny is the day, though like the  
smile  
Dear woman wears, when she would fain  
beguile  
The coldness of her fortune. Upward towers  
The lark, companion of the fields with  
thee,  
And sings unto the clouds his songs of  
glee !  
Perchance his skyward dreams are of the  
flower's  
Which gather round him in June's radiant  
hours ;  
When thou, fair comer of the spring, hast  
shed  
Thy perfumed breath abroad, and  
drooped upon thy bed.

---

*The same.*—ANON.

SWEET, lovely harbinger of Spring,  
Earliest gift in Flora's ring,  
Thy scent exhales on Zephyr's wing—  
Sweet Violet !

I found you, in the lone vale bare,  
In purest hue, sweet flow'ret rare,  
And you shall have my dearest care,  
Sweet Violet !

You stood like dauntless Virtue pure,  
 You did the pitiless storm endure,  
 And now from harm I'll you secure,  
Sweet Violet !

Within my jessamine parterre,  
 'Mid myrtles sweet, and lilies fair,  
 You now may live, and blossom there,  
Sweet Violet !

---

### VIOLETS.—A SONNET.

BARTON.

BEAUTIFUL are you in your lowliness ;  
 Bright in your hues, delicious in your scent ;  
 Lovely your modest blossoms downward  
     bent,  
 As shrinking from our gaze, yet prompt to bless  
 The passer-by with fragrance, and express  
     How gracefully, though mutely eloquent,  
     Are unobtrusive worth, and meek content,  
 Rejoicing in their own obscure recess.  
     Delightful flowerets ! at the voice of Spring,  
     Your buds unfolded to its sunbeams bright ;  
     And though your blossoms soon shall fade  
         from sight,  
 Above your lowly birth-place birds shall sing,

And from your clust'ring leaves the glow-  
worm fling,  
The emerald glory of its earth-born light.

---

*The same.*—SMITH.

SWEET Violets ! from your humble beds  
Among the moss, beneath the thorn,  
You rear your unprotected heads,  
And brave the cold and cheerless morn  
Of early March ; not yet are past  
The wintry cloud, the sullen blast,  
Which, when your fragrant buds shall blow,  
May lay those purple beauties low.  
Ah stay awhile, till warmer showers  
And brighter suns, shall cheer the day ;  
Sweet Violets stay, till hardier flowers  
Prepare to meet the lovely May.  
Then from your mossy shelter come,  
And rival every richer bloom ;  
For though their colours gayer shine,  
Their odours do not equal thine.  
And thus real merit still may dare to vie  
With all that wealth bestows, or pageant  
heraldry.

## TO A VIOLET.

BOWRING.

SWEET flower ! Spring's earliest, loveliest gem !

While other flowers are idly sleeping,  
Thou rear'st thy purple diadem ;  
Meekly from thy seclusion peeping.

Thou, from thy little secret mound,  
Where diamond dew-drop shine above thee,  
Scatterest thy modest fragranee round ;  
And well may Nature's Poet love thee !

Thine is a short, swift reign, I know—  
But here,—thy spirit still pervading—  
New violets' tufts again shall blow,  
Then fade away—as thou art fading.

And be renew'd ; the hope how blest,  
(O may that hope desert me never !)  
Like thee to sleep on nature's breast,  
And wake again, and bloom for ever !

---

TO A YELLOW VIOLET.

ANON.

WHEN beechen buds begin to swell,  
And woods the blue-birds' warble know,  
The yellow violet's modest bell  
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,  
Sweet flower ! I love, in forest bare,  
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume  
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring  
First plant thee in the watery mould ;  
And I have seen thee blossoming  
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view  
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,  
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,  
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,  
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,  
Unapt thy passing view to meet,  
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft in the sunless April day,  
Thy early smile has stayed my walk ;  
But 'midst the gorgeous bloom of May,  
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they who climb to wealth forget  
The friends in darker fortunes tried ;  
I copied them—but I regret  
That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour  
Awakes the painted tribes of light,  
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower  
That made the woods of April bright.

---

## TO A WHITE VIOLET.

H. I. JOHNS.

Coy inmate of the lowly shade,  
'Mid clustering leaves embosom'd deep,  
Why thus, in modest garb array'd,  
Hid'st thou beneath the hedge-row's steep?

While gaudier flowers that woo the sun,  
In all the pride of colour glow,  
Thy odoriferous breath alone,  
Reveals the gem that lurks below.

So modest worth, in humble guise,  
Retiring, shuns the gazing eye ;  
While round the hallow'd spot arise  
A thousand sweets that never die!

---

## THE VIOLET.

MISS LONDON.

WHY better than the lady rose,  
Love I this little flower ?

Because its fragrant leaves are those  
I loved in childhood's hour.

Tho' many a flower may win my praise,  
The violet has my love ;  
I did not pass my childish days  
In garden or in grove :

My garden was the window-seat  
Upon whose edge was set  
A little vase,—the fair, the sweet,—  
It was the violet.

It was my pleasure and my pride ;—  
How I did watch its growth !  
For health and bloom, what plans I tried,  
And often injured both.

I placed it in the summer shower,  
I placed it in the sun ;  
And ever, at the evening hour  
My work seemed half undone.

The broad leaves spread, the small buds grew,  
How slow they seemed to be ;  
At last there came a tinge of blue,—  
'Twas worth the world to me.

At length the perfume fill'd the room,  
Shed from their purple wreath ;



No flower has now so rich a bloom,  
Has now so sweet a breath.

I gathered two or three,—they seemed  
Such rich gifts to bestow ;  
So precious in my sight, I deemed  
That all must think them so.

Ah ! who is there but would be fain  
To be a child once more ;  
If future years could bring again  
All that they brought before.

My heart's world has been long o'erthrown,  
It is no more of flowers ;  
Their bloom is past, their breath is flown,  
Yet I recal those hours.

Let nature spread her loveliest,  
By spring or summer nurst ;  
Yet still I love the violet best,  
Because I loved it first.

---

### SONG OF THE VIOLET.

ANON.

WHEN the sun is gone down to his rest,  
And his glories no longer appear,  
Then the stars of the night

Are hail'd with delight,  
As they glitter like gems in their sphere;—

So Beauty, when tired with the glare  
Of each golden and glittering tree,  
Shrinks back from the light  
Of a garland so bright,  
And joyfully hastens to me.

Sweet Violet-bud! gentle Violet-bud!  
How gladly she hastens to thee!

There are others of brighter attire,  
But none richer offerings bring;  
Just as Beauty appears,  
When smiling in tears,—  
I welcome the rosy spring.

Some are vain of their beauteous array,  
And others are flaunting and free;  
While enshrined like a queen,  
In my bright bower of green,—  
The garden pays homage to me.

Sweet Violet-bud! gentle Violet-bud!  
Who would envy such tribute to thee!

## THE CROCUS.

“ SOME derive the name of this flower from a beautiful youth named Crocus, who is said to have been consumed by the ardour of his affection for Smilax ; and afterwards metamorphosed into the plant which still bears his name. Others suppose it to be taken from Coriscus, a city and mountain of Cilicia.”

“ The Spring Crocus is common in many parts of Europe ; there are many varieties ; and as this kind furnishes the florists with seed, new varieties continually occur. - The most usual are the Common Yellow, the Great Yellow, Deep Blue, Light Blue, White with Blue Stripes, Blue with White Stripes, White with a Purple Base, and Cream-coloured,—all natives of Britain : as also several from Scotland ; the Black and White Striped, the Cloth of Gold, &c.”

“ The Yellow is the most showy for the garden, and the purple the most beautiful ; the white the most conspicuous, and the most curious.

“ If the season be mild, this plant will sometimes flower in February, and continue to enliven the parterre until April.”

“ The Crocus appears to have been first cultivated in our gardens during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as Gerarde observes that

“That pleasant plant that bears yellow flowers was sent unto me from Rivinus of Paris.

“The Autumnal Crocus is supposed to have come originally from the East, but is now so common in Europe, that it is difficult to ascertain with certainty its original birth-place. The flowers are of a purple, lilac, or pale blue colour, blowing in October: the leaves grow all the winter. This species of Crocus is also called Saffron, and the medicine so called is obtained from it.

“It is commonly said that Sir Thomas Smith was the first who brought this plant into England, in the reign of Edward the Third, and that it was first planted at Walden, in Essex. That Walden was noted for the cultivation of it, is clear, since the flower has even bestowed its own name upon that place, which is commonly called Saffron Walden.

“Crocuses in great variety are cultivated in the villages round *Aleppo*, and the Arab women carry them with other flowers through the streets, chaunting,—‘*How delightful its season, its Maker how bountiful!*’ and the roots of some of the species are sold and eaten by the inhabitants, and called *mountain cucumbers*, being strong like onions: they are pleasant to eat, and have a nutty flavour.”

The Crocus is of the class *Triandria*, and order *Monogynia*.

## THE CROCUS.

CROCUS and Smilax may be turned to flowers,  
And the Curetes spring from bounteous  
show'rs ;

I pass a hundred legends stale as these,  
And with sweet novelty your taste will please.

OVID.

AND sudden Hyacinths the turf bestrow,  
And flow'ry Crocus made the mountain glow.

HOMER.

---

*The same.*—WHITE.

SAY, what impels, amid surrounding snow,  
Congealed, the crocus' flying bud to glow?  
Say, what retards, amid the summer's blaze,  
Th' autumnal bulb, till pale, declining days?  
The GOD OF SEASONS, whose pervading  
pow'r

Controls the sun, or sheds the fleecy show'r :  
He bids each flow'r his quick'ning word obey ;  
Or to each ling'ring bloom enjoins delay.

*The same.*—J. R. PRIOR.

DAINTY young thing  
Of life!—thou vent'rous flower,  
Who growest through the hard, cold bower  
Of wintry spring:—

Thou various hued,  
Soft, voiceless bell, whose spire  
Rocks in the grassy leaves like wire,  
In solitude;—

Like patience, thou  
Art quiet in thy earth,  
Instructing Hope that Virtue's birth  
Is Feeling's vow.

Thy fancied bride!  
The delicate Snow-drop keeps  
Her home with thee; she wakes and sleeps  
Near thy true side.

Will man but hear!  
A simple flower can tell  
What beauties in his mind should dwell  
Through Passion's sphere.

## THE AUTUMNAL CROCUS.

HOWITT.

THY bower, with vine unshaded,  
Stands desolate and lone;  
The flowers of spring have faded,  
The summer birds are flown.  
Thy home—whose claims are stronger  
Than time can e'er efface;  
Thy garden—thine no longer—  
Have lost each look of grace;  
For the stranger's foot has gone there, and  
left a ruined place.

The past came o'er my spirit—  
Thy kindness, and thy faith;  
And must *thou* grief inherit,  
And life's undreamed-of scathe?  
Is it *thou*—the gentlest, fairest,  
Like man must nerve thy heart,  
And teach him how thou darest  
Meet fortune's keenest dart;  
Then look on all thou loved from youth, and  
patiently depart?

'Twas so : in vain I sought thee  
    Within my garden-bower ;  
And from the fields I brought thee,  
    Pale autumn's faithful flower.  
Spring flowers, like fortune's lightness,  
    With calm skies pass away ;  
But this reveals its brightness  
    'Mid silence and decay ;  
Like thy pure stedfast spirit, strong in sorrow's  
    darkest day.



## LILIES.

“ We usually associate the idea of extreme whiteness with the lily, so that it is common to express a pure white by comparison with the flower, as with snow : but lilies, it is well known, are of almost every variety of colour.

“ The Common White Lily has been cultivated in England time immemorial. The stem is usually about three feet high. The flowers, which appear in June and July, are brilliantly white, and glossy on the inside. It is from the east ; and in Japan the blossom is said to be nearly a span in length.

“ There are several varieties of the White Lily : as, that with the flowers striped or blotched with purple ; that with the leaves striped or edged with yellow ; one with double, and one with pendulous flower.

“ Catesby's Lily was named in honour of Mr. Catesby, who first found it in South Carolina. This flower, which blows in July and August, and is little more than a foot high, is variously shaded with red, orange, and lemon colours, and has no scent.

“ The Orange-Lily, of which there are several varieties of species, has a large and brilliant flower, figured and dotted with black and very red.

“ Of the Martagon Lilies there are several species, and many varieties of each. One of these is called the Chalcedonian, or Scarlet Martagon, and has been determined to be the poetical hyacinth. The Red and Yellow Martagons are commonly known by the name of Turk’s-cap Lilies.

“ The common white lily has now been naturalized in our gardens above two hundred years, and yet retains a place there; but the Mexican fancy of the hour, the Dahlia, begins to intrude upon them, and perhaps may banish the “ignobile vulgus” of an elder day.

“ The name of Lily has been very improperly given to the species of *Convallaria*, as it has not the least affinity with the Lily either in its root, fruit, or flower. We presume that it was called a Lily from the purity of its white Corolla, for even at this present time, we attach an idea of delicacy to the very name of Lily. As it grows spontaneously in shady valleys, it is natural to call it the Lily of the Valley. The name of *Convallaria* is derived from *Convallis*, a valley. It was called May Lily from the month in which it flowered.

“ This elegantly modest plant formerly grew in our woods and valleys in great abundance, but the increase in the number of our gardens, and the high state of cultivation of this country, in general, have rendered the plant rare in its natural state; yet it is cherished in the garden by all the admirers of good flowers.

Gerarde tells us that as late as 1597, it grew abundantly on Hampstead Heath, also on Bushie Heath now Bushy Park, likewise near Lee in Essex; and that it has been found in most counties of England. It is indigenous to most parts of Europe, from Italy to Lapland; and grows abundantly in the woods of France and Germany.

“These plants are so numerous in the woods of Eileriede, in the neighbourhood of Hanover, that the ground in many places is completely covered with them, and the air scented for a considerable distance by their agreeable perfume. These woods are regularly visited on Whit-Monday by numerous parties from Hanover, who go to gather these May-flowers, and the forest on that day is a scene of rural festivity and mirth, Cottages are erected for the sale of coffee, and other refreshments. The roads leading to the forest are thronged by persons of all ages, “from morn to dewy eve,” and few are the houses in the city of Hanover that are not furnished with the Whitsuntide Bouquet of Lilies of the Valley.

“The Water-lily is said to be the ancient herb Lotus; which, with the Crocus and the Hyacinth, formed the fabulous couch of Jupiter and Juno.

“This delicate and elegant flower has been rightly designated, the pride of the river; for spreading its broad leaves on the surface of the water, and expanding its flowers to the

sun it appears decked with a lustre which 'Solomon, in all his glory,' never equalled.

"The Japanese set a high value upon the Water-lily, because of its purity, not being sullied by contact with the muddy water, in which it often grows; and, with the flowers of the Motherwort, bear it in procession before the body in their funeral ceremonies.

"The blue species of this plant is a native of Cashmere and Persia. Mrs. Graham, in her residence in India, speaks of a beautiful red Lotus, of which she saw multitudes; she describes them as much larger than the white water-lily, and the loveliest of the nymphæas she had ever seen.

The Common Lily and the Lily of the Valley are of the class *Hexandria*, and order *Monogynia*; the Water Lily is of the class *Polyandria*, and order *Monogynia*.

## LILIES.

THE lady lily, looking gently down.

The lily, of all children of the spring,  
The palest—fairest too where fair ones are.

———— In virgin beauty blows  
The tender lily languishingly sweet.

QUEEN of the field, in milk-white mantle drest,  
The lovely lily waved her curling crest.

———— and sweetest to the view,  
The Lily of the vale, whose virgin flower  
Trembles at every breeze beneath its leafy  
bower.

BARTON.

———— the nice-leaved lesser Lilies,  
Shading, like detected light,  
Their little green-tipt lamps of white.

L. HUNT.

No flower amid the garden fairer grows  
Than the sweet Lily of the lowly vale,  
The queen of flowers.

Take but the humblest Lily of the field ;  
And if our pride will to our reason yield,  
It must by sure comparison be shown,  
That on the regal seat great David's son,  
Array'd in all his robes and types of pow'r,  
Shines with less glory than that simple flow'r.

---

## TO LILIES.

ANON.

WHERE yonder *lilies* wanton with the air,  
And no autumnal blasts have blown to fade,  
If flow'rs thou seek'st, a festive wreath to  
braid,  
Bend thy search thither, thou wilt find them  
there ;  
Not in the arches of the forest, where  
The branching oaks extend unmoving  
shade ;  
The earth beyond their twisted roots is bare,  
Save when perchance the *hop*, with tendrils  
curled,  
Or *ivy*, stringed, may seek and twine around  
Some stems amidst the forest chiefs that  
tower :  
So, in the mightiest landscapes of the world,  
The *flowers of joy and love* are seldom found  
At the stern feet of knowledge or of power.

“ CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE  
FIELD HOW THEY GROW.”

Matt. vi. 28.

SWEET nurslings of the vernal skies,  
Bathed in soft airs and fed with dew,  
What more than magic in you lies,  
To fill the heart's fond view ?  
In childhood's sports companions gay,  
In sorrow, on life's downward way,  
How soothing ! in our last decay  
Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,  
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,  
As when ye crowned the sunshine hours,  
Of happy wanderers there.  
Fallen all beside :—the world of life,  
How is it stained with fear and strife !  
In reason's world what storms are rife,  
What passions range and glare !

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,  
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,  
And guilty man, where'er he roams,  
Your innocent mirth may borrow.  
The birds of air before us fleet,  
They cannot brook our shame to meet,

But we may taste your solace sweet,  
And come again to-morrow.

Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,  
As when he framed, and owned you good,  
His blessing on earth's primal bower,  
Ye felt it all renewed.

What care ye now if winter's storm  
Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form ?  
Christ's blessing at your heart is warm,  
Ye fear no raging mood.

Alas ! of thousand bosoms kind  
That daily court you and caress,  
How few the happy secret find  
Of your calm loveliness !  
“ Live for to-day ! to-morrow's light  
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight ;  
Go sleep like closing flowers at night,  
And heaven thy morn will bless ! ”

---

### THE LILY.

PERCIVAL.

I HAD found out a sweet green spot,  
Where a lily was blooming fair !  
The din of the city disturbed it not,  
But the spirit, that shades the quiet cot  
With its wings of love, was there.



I found that lily's bloom,  
 When the day was dark and chill :  
 It smiled, like a star in the misty gloom,  
 And it sent abroad a soft perfume,  
 Which is floating around me still.

I sat by the lily's bell,  
 And watched it many a day ;—  
 The leaves that rose in a flowing swell,  
 Grew faint and dim, then drooped and fell,  
 And the flower had flown away.

I looked where the leaves were laid,  
 In withering frailness, by,  
 And as gloomy thoughts stole on me, said,  
 There is many a sweet and blooming maid,  
 Who will soon as dimly die.

---

## LILY OF THE VALLEY

ANON.

SWEET flower o' the valley, wi' blossoms of  
 snow,  
 And green leaves that turn the cauld blast  
 frae their stems ;  
 Bright emblem o' innocence, thy beauties I  
 lo'e,  
 Aboon the king's coronet circled wi' gems !

There's nae tinsel ahint thee, to make thee  
mair bright,  
Sweet Lily ! thy loveliness a' is thine ain,  
And thy bonny bells, danglin' sae pure and  
sae light,  
Proclaim thee the fairest o' Flora's bright  
train.

---

*The same.*—ANON.

FAIR flow'r, that lapt in lowly glade  
Dost hide beneath the greenwood shade,  
Than whom the vernal gale  
None fairer wakes on bank or spray,  
Our England's lily of the May,  
Our lily of the vale.

Art thou that "Lily of the field,"  
Which, when the Saviour sought to shield  
The heart from blank despair,  
He show'd to our mistrustful kind,  
An emblem to the thoughtful mind  
Of God's paternal care?

Not thus I trow : for brighter shine  
To the warm skies of Palestine  
Those children of the east,—

There, when mild autumn's early rain  
Descends on parch'd Esdrela's plain,  
And Tabor's oak-girt crest.—

More frequent than the host of night,  
Those earth-born stars, as sages write,  
Their brilliant disks unfold;  
Fit symbol of imperial state  
Their sceptre-seeming forms elate,  
And crowns of burnish'd gold.

But not the less, sweet springtide's flower,  
Dost thou display the Maker's power,  
His skill and handy work,  
Our western valley's humbler child;  
Where in green nook of woodland wild  
Thy modest blossoms lurk.

What though nor care nor art be thine,  
The loom to ply, the thread to twine;  
Yet, born to bloom and fade,  
Thee, too, a lovelier robe arrays,  
Than e'er in Israel's brightest days  
Her wealthiest king array'd.

Of thy twin leaves th' embowered screen  
Which wraps thee in thy shroud of green;  
Thy Eden-breathing smell;  
Thy arch'd and purple-vested stem,

Whence pendant many a pearly gem,  
Displays a milk-white bell ;

Instinct with life thy fibrous root,  
Which sends from earth th' ascending shoot,  
As rising from the dead,  
And fills thy veins with verdant juice,  
Charg'd thy fair blossoms to produce,  
And berries scarlet red :

The triple cell, the twofold seed,  
A ceaseless treasure-house decreed  
Whence aye thy race may grow,  
As from creation they have grown,  
While spring shall weave her flowery crown,  
Or vernal breezes blow :—

Who forms thee thus with unseen hand,  
Who at creation gave command,  
And will'd thee thus to be,  
And keeps thee still in being thro'  
Age after age revolving, who  
But the Great God is He ?

Omnipotent to work his will ;  
Wise, who contrives each part to fill  
The post to each assign'd ;  
Still provident, with sleepless care  
To keep ; to make the sweet and fair  
For man's enjoyment, kind !

“ There is no God,” the senseless say :—

“ O God, why cast'st thou us away ? ”

Of feeble faith and frail

The mourner breathes his anxious thought—

By thee a better lesson taught,

Sweet lily of the vale.

Yes ! He who made and fosters thee,

In reason's eye perforce must be

Of majesty divine ;

Nor deems she that his guardian care

Will He in man's support forbear,

Who thus provides for thine.

---

*The same.*—

---

————— to the curious eye

A little monitor presents her page

Of choice instruction, with her snowy bells,

The Lily of the Vale. She nor affects

The public walk, nor gaze of mid-day sun :

She to no state or dignity aspires,

But silent and alone puts on her suit,

And sheds her lasting perfume, but for which

We had not known there was a thing so sweet

Hid in the gloomy shade. So when the blast

Her sister tribes confounds, and to the earth

Stoops their high heads, that vainly were exposed,  
She feels it not, but flourishes anew,  
Still shelter'd and secure. And as the storm,  
That makes the high elm couch, and rends  
the oak,  
The humble lily spares,—a thousand blows  
That shake the lofty monarch on his throne,  
We lesser folks feel not. Keen are the pains  
Advancement often brings. To be secure,  
Be humble ; to be happy, be content.

---

*The same.*—ANON.

WHITE-BUD ! that in meek beauty so dost  
lean,  
Thy cloister'd cheek as pale as moonlight  
snow,  
Thou seem'st beneath thy huge, high leaf of  
green,  
An eremite beneath his mountain's brow.  
White-bud, thou'rt emblem of a lovetide thing,  
The broken spirit that its anguish bears  
To silent shades, and there sits offering  
To heaven the holy fragrance of its tears.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY AND  
THE ANEMONE.

ANON.

SWEET flower, you fondly strive to hide  
Your lovely form from public view,  
While the gay blossom's eastern pride  
Appears in every varied hue.

So will a cultur'd feeling mind,  
Oft trembling shrink from worldly gaze,  
Whilst flippant wit, at ease reclined,  
Spreads all around its transient rays.

Yet do I love that modest flower  
Which blossoms in the humble shade,  
And asks not for the sun's bright power,  
By which this splendid plant's array'd.

---

ON PLANTING A LILY.

MRS. H. TIGHE.

How withered, perished seems the form  
Of yon obscure, unsightly root !  
Yet from the blight of wintry storm,  
It hides secure the precious fruit.

The careless eye can find no grace,  
No beauty in the scaly folds,

Nor see within the dark embrace,  
What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,  
The *Lily* wraps her silver vest,  
Till vernal suns and vernal gales,  
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap  
The undelighting slighted thing;  
There in the cold earth buried deep,  
In silence let it wait the spring.

Oh ! many a stormy night shall close  
In gloom upon the barren earth,  
While still in undisturbed repose,  
Uninjured lies the future birth ;

And Ignorance, with sceptic eye,  
Hope's patient smile shall wondering view,  
Or mock her fond credulity,  
As her soft tears the spot bedew.

Sweet smile of Hope, delicious tear,  
The sun, the shower indeed shall come,  
The promised verdant shoot appear,  
And nature bid her blossom bloom.

And thou, O virgin queen of spring !  
Shalt, from thy dark and lowly bed,



Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,  
Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed;—

Unfold thy robes of purest white,  
Unsullied from their darksome grave,  
And thy soft petals' silvery light,  
In the mild breeze unfettered wave.

So Faith shall seek the lowly dust,  
Where humble Sorrow loves to lie,  
And bid her thus her hopes entrust,  
And watch with patient cheerful eye;—

And bear the long cold wintry night,  
And bear her own degraded doom,  
And wait till heaven's reviving light,  
Eternal spring, shall burst the gloom.

---

## SONG OF THE LILY.

ANON.

LET others boast, in their golden pride,  
Of graceful form, or roseate bloom—  
Yet the lily is fairer than all beside,  
That glow in their beauty, or breathe in perfume.

What, though the bright rose in her glory essay  
To adorn with her blushes the cheek of the  
fair!

Yet no envied trophy can she bear away ;  
For the lily is ever her partner there.—  
No triumph I fear from such rivals as these,  
While gaily I wave my white bells to the  
    breeze.

If the emblem of innocent homage commands,  
Then what greater claim can the lily desire ?  
For who will deny it—while radiant she stands,  
Like the bright form of beauty, in bridal attire ?  
But I seek not the triumph of beauty alone—  
Though the rose may be foster'd 'neath Bri-  
    tain's proud glance,  
I shall still be her rival in glory's bright throne ;  
For who shall dare challenge the Lily of  
    France ?  
While I can exult in such honours as these,  
How proudly I'll wave my white bells in the  
    breeze !

## THE TULIP.

“This gay flower having been obtained from the Turks, was called Tulipa, from the resemblance of its corolla to the eastern head-dress called Tulipan or Turban, and hence our name of Tulip. To this resemblance Moore alludes in the following lines:—

“What triumph crowds the rich Divan to-day  
With turban'd heads of every hue and race,  
Bow'ing before that veil'd and awful face,  
Like *Tulip-beds*, of different shape and dyes,  
Bending beneath th' invisible west wind's sighs—”

“The Garden Tulip is a native of the Levant; Linnæus says, of Cappadocia. It is very common in Syria; and is supposed, by some persons, to be the lily of the field alluded to by Jesus Christ. It is said to have been introduced into England about the year 1580; for Hakluyt thus writes in 1582, “now within these four years there have been brought in England, from Vienna in Austria, divers kinds of flowers called Tulipas.”

The dazzling and gorgeous appearance of beds of tulips, cannot fail to attract the notice of the most indifferent observer. Some of the varieties of this flower are very splendid and unrivalled for the beauty of their exquisite colours. “But besides,” says an old writer, “this glory of colour that these flowers have, they carry so stately and delightful a form, and do abide so long in their bravery, that there is no lady or gentlewoman of any worth that is not caught with this delight.”

“ It is well known that in Holland the Tulip became, about the middle of the seventeenth century, the object of a trade unparalleled in the history of commercial speculation. From 1634 to 1637, inclusive, all classes in all the great cities in Holland became infected with the Tulipomania. A single root of a particular species, called the Viceroy, was exchanged, in the true Dutch taste, for the following articles:—two lasts of wheat, four of Rye, four fat oxen, three fat swine, twelve fat sheep, two hogsheds of wine, four tuns of beer, two tons of butter, 1000 pounds of cheese, a complete bed, a suit of clothes, and a silver beaker—value of the whole of 2,500 florins. For a root of the species *Semper Augustus*, 4,600 florins were given, together with a new carriage, two grey horses, and a complete harness. The trade was followed not only by mercantile people, but also by the first noblemen, citizens of every description, mechanics, seamen, farmers, chimney-sweeps, &c. &c. Some of the poorest people gained, in a few months, houses, coaches and horses, and figured away like the first characters in the land. In the space of three years, as Munting tells us, more than ten million were expended in this trade, in only one town of Holland.

“ The evil rose to such a pitch, that the States of Holland were under the necessity of interfering; the buyers took the alarm; the bubble, like the South Sea Scheme, suddenly burst, and as in the outset, all were winners, in the winding up, very few escaped without loss.”

## THE TULIP.

THE *tulip*, whose red veins  
Are flushed with deeper, warmer stains,  
Glow in each leaf with more than Nimrod's  
fires.

ANON.

Down the *tulip*'s moistened cheek,  
Spread with Nature's warmest bloom,  
Sparkling drops of dew distil.

ANON.

THEN comes the Tulip race, where beauty  
plays  
Her idle freaks ; from family diffused  
To family, as flies the father dust,  
The varied colours run ; and while they break  
On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks,  
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.

THOMSON.

---

*The same.*—KLEIST.

Who thus, *O tulip* ! thy gay-painted breast  
In all the colours of the sun has drest ?  
Well could I call thee, in thy gaudy pride,

The Queen of flow'rs ; but blooming by thy  
side

Her thousand leaves that beams of love adorn,  
Her throne surrounded by protecting thorn,  
And smell eternal, form a juster claim,  
Which gives the heaven-born *Rose* the lofty  
name,

Who having slept throughout the wintry  
storm,

Now through the op'ning buds displays her  
smiling form.

---

### ON PLANTING A TULIP ROOT.

MONTGOMERY.

HERE lies a bulb, the child of earth,  
Buried alive beneath the clod,  
Ere long to spring by second birth  
A new, and nobler work of God.

'Tis said that microscopic power  
Might through its swaddling folds descry  
The infant-image of the flower,  
Too exquisite to meet the eye.

This vernal suns and rains shall swell,  
Till from its dark abode it peep

Like Venus rising from her shell,  
Amidst the spring-tide of the deep.

Two shapely leaves will first unfold,  
Then on a loose elastic stem,  
The verdant bud shall turn to gold,  
And open in a diadem.

Not one of Flora's brilliant race  
A form more perfect can display ;  
Art could not feign more simple grace,  
Nor Nature take a line away.

Yet rich as morn of many a hue,  
When flushing clouds through darkness strike,  
The tulip's petals shine in dew,  
All beautiful,—but none alike.

Kings on their bridal, might unrobe  
To lay their glories at its feet ;  
And queens their sceptre, crowns, and globe,  
Exchange for blossom, stalk, and root.

Here could I stop and moralize ;  
Lady, I leave that part to thee ;  
Be thy next birth in Paradise,  
Thy life to come eternity.

## SONG OF THE TULIP.

HOLLAND.

How vain are the struggles for conquest and  
power,  
With golden bud, and scented flower,  
Who claim, from their beauty, or fragrance  
alone,  
Their right to ascend the garden throne!—  
A graceful form may please the sight,  
And fragrant odour the senses delight;  
Yet, if we are judged by our merit, I ween  
The tulip will soon be the Garden Queen.—  
No envy I fear, nor of beauty the frown,  
While the worth of the tulip can purchase the  
crown.

How can the vain rose ever hope to claim,  
By the verse of the poet, the bright meed of fame?  
Or the pale-featured lily pretend to enhance  
Her right, as the flower most favoured of  
France?

No favours I boast, though in beauty I shine,  
And variety's garb, ever charming, is mine;  
But my triumph I rest upon merit alone;  
For worth is'er valued when beauty is flown.  
Then why should I fear either anger or frown,  
While the worth of the tulip will merit the  
crown?







J. A. D. R. C.

## THE ROSE.

“ The different kinds of roses are very numerous ; and botanists find it very difficult to determine with accuracy which are species and which are varieties. On this account, Linnæus, and some other eminent authors, are inclined to think that there is only one real species of rose, which is the *rosa canina*, or dog-rose of the hedges, &c., and that all the other sorts are accidental varieties of it. However, according to the Linnæan arrangement, they stand divided into fourteen species, each comprehending varieties, which in some sorts are but few, in others numerous.

“ The Dog-Rose is well known as the blossom of the Common Briars, growing wild in almost every part of Europe ; here called the hip-tree, hep-tree, and in Devonshire, canker, and canker-rose : the name of dog-rose probably arises from the heps or fruit being eaten by dogs, whence the Tartars call the heps by a name signifying dog-fruit.

“ The common Provins Rose is one of the most beautiful yet known in the English Gardens : it is very large and full, folded close in the manner of a cabbage ; some call it the Cabbage-Rose on this account. It is the most fragrant as well as the handsomest kind we have : it will grow seven or eight feet

high. The petals, which are deep red, and of a powerful scent, may be kept for a year or eighteen months by being pressed close. It takes its name not from Provence, as is commonly supposed, but from Provins, a small town about fifty miles from Paris, where it is largely cultivated; and where it was first introduced from the East.

“ The Red Rose is large, but not very double; it is of a rich crimson colour, and particularly fragrant. Parkinson calls this the English Rose, because the first known in this country, and more cultivated here than elsewhere; and because it was assumed by some of our kings as a symbol of royalty. There is a variety of this kind, with white and red stripes.

“ The Moss-Rose, or Moss Provins-rose, is well known as an elegant plant; the flowers are deeply coloured, and the rich mossiness which surrounds them, gives them a luxuriant appearance not easily described; but it is familiar to every one. It is a fragrant flower; its country is not known to us, and we know it only as a double flower.

“ The Damask-rose is a pale red: it is not very double, but is sweet scented, and extremely handsome. It is a native of the South of France: there are many varieties, the Monthly, the Striped Monthly, which is red and blush-coloured, and the York and Lancaster, so called because it is striped with both red and white.

The eglantine rose, or sweet briar, grows

naturally in some parts of England, and in Switzerland. It claims culture in every garden for the odoriferous property of its leaves ; and should be planted in the borders, and other compartments contiguous to walks, or near the habitation, where the plants will impart their refreshing fragrance very profusely around.

“ The Evergreen-rose is a native of the South of Europe : it is white, small, and single, but very sweet : in appearance it much resembles our Eglantine. It is this rose that yields the fine scented oil called attar of roses, which is imported from Barbary, Egypt, and the East Indies ; a few drops of this oil, dissolved in spirit of wine, form the *esprit de rose* of the perfumers ; and the same, dissolved in fine sweet oil, their *huile antique de rose*.

“ Poetry is lavish of roses ; it heaps them into beds, weaves them into crowns, twines them into arbours, forges them into chains, and plants them in the bosom of beauty. It not only delights to bring in the rose itself upon every occasion, but seizes each particular beauty it possesses as an object of comparison with the loveliest works of nature ;—as soft as a Rose leaf ; as sweet as a Rose ; Rosy-clouds, &c. &c.

“ The Eastern poets have united the Rose with the nightingale ; the Venus of Flowers with the Apollo of birds.—The Rose is supposed to burst forth from its bud at the song of the nightingale.

“ Persia is the very land of Roses. ‘ On

my first entering this bower of fairy land,' says Sir Robert Kerr Porter, speaking of the garden of one of the royal palaces of Persia, 'I was struck with the appearance of two rose trees full fourteen feet high, laden with thousands of flowers in every degree of expansion, and of a bloom and delicacy of scent that embued the whole atmosphere with exquisite perfume. Indeed, I believe that in no country in the world does the rose grow in such perfection as in Persia ; in no country is it so cultivated and prized by the natives. Their gardens and courts are crowded by its plants, their rooms ornamented with vases filled with its gathered bunches, and every path with the full blown flowers plucked with the ever-replenished stems . . . . But, in this delicious garden of Negaaristan, the eye and the smell are not the only senses regaled by the presence of the rose. The ear is enchanted by the wild and beautiful notes of multitudes of nightingales, whose warblings seem to increase in melody and softness with the unfolding of their favourite flowers. Here indeed the stranger is more powerfully reminded, that he is in the genuine country of the nightingale and the rose.'

" A festival is held in Persia, called the feast of Roses, which lasts the whole time they are in bloom.

" The bed of roses is not altogether a fiction. The Roses of the Sinan Nile, or garden of the Nile, attached to the Emperor of Morocco's palace, are unequalled ; and mattresses are

made of their leaves, for men of rank to recline upon.

The Rose is not more celebrated for the richness of its beauty as the Queen of Flowers, than for its short-lived duration. How exquisitely has Bishop Taylor described its brief and transient reign, in the following language, which, though prose, breathes all the inspiration of Poetry:—

“ ‘But so I have seen a Rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven as a lamb’s fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head, and broke its stalk; and, at night, having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces.’ ”

“In our country, in some parts of Surrey in particular, it was the custom in the time of Evelyn, to plant roses round the graves of lovers. The Greeks and Romans observed this practice so religiously, that it is often found annexed as a codicil to their wills, as appears by an old inscription at Ravenna, and another at Milan, by which roses are ordered to be yearly strewed and planted upon the graves.

It is the universal practice in South Wales, to strew roses and other flowers over the graves of departed friends.

“ Morestellus cites an epitaph, in which Publia Cornelia Anna declares that she had resolved not to survive her husband in desolate widowhood, but had voluntarily shut herself up in his sepulchre, still to remain with him with whom she had lived twenty years in peace and happiness: and then orders her freed-men and freed-women to adorn the sepulchre with roses.

We have seen, within these few years, the body of a child carried to a country church for burial, by young girls dressed in white, each carrying a rose in her hand.

The rose is of the class *Icosandria*, and order *Polygynia*.



## THE ROSE.

I SAW the sweetest flower wild nature yields,  
A fresh-blown musk-rose.

ANON.

A bed of lilies flower upon her cheek,  
And in the midst was set a circling rose.

P. FLETCHER.

Its velvet lips the bashful rose began  
To show, and catch the kisses of the sun ;  
Some fuller blown, their crimson honours  
shed ;  
Sweet smelt the golden chives that graced  
their head.

FAWKES.

The lady lily paler than the moon,  
And roses, laden with the breath of June.

BARRY CORNWALL.

There was the pouting rose, both red and  
white.

ANON.

And first of all the rose ; because its breath  
Is rich beyond the rest ; and when it dies,  
It doth bequeath a charm to sweeten death.

BARRY CORNWALL.

AND thou, most lovely rose,  
Of tint most delicate,  
Fair consort of the morn ;  
Delighted to imbibe  
The genial dew of heaven,  
Rich vegetation's vermeil-tinctured gem ;  
April's enchanting herald,  
Thou flower supremely blest,  
And queen of all the flowers,  
Thou formest around my locks  
A garland of such fragrance,  
That up to Heaven itself  
Thy balmy sweets ascend.

ANDREIN'S ADAM.

HIS queen, the garden queen, his Rose,  
Unbent by winds, unchill'd by snows,  
Far from the winters of the west,  
By every breeze and season blest,  
Returns the sweets by nature given  
In softest incense back to heaven ;  
And grateful yields that smiling sky,  
Her fairest hue, and fragrant sigh.

LORD BYRON.

Look as the flower which lingeringly doth  
fade,  
The morning's darling late, the summer's  
queen ;

Spoiled of that juice which kept it fresh and  
green,

As high as it did raise, bows low the head.

DRUMMOND.

A SINGLE rose is shedding there

Its lonely lustre meek and pale :

It looks as planted by despair—

So white, so faint—the slightest gale

Might whirl the leaves on high ;

And yet though storms and blasts assail,

And hands more rude than wintry sky,

May wring it from the stem in vain—

To-morrow sees it bloom again !

The stalk some spirit quickly rears,

And waters with celestial tears ;

For well may maids of Helle deem

That this can be no earthly flower,

Which mocks the tempest's withering hour,

And buds unsheltered by a bower ;

Nor droops though Spring refuse her shower,

Nor wooes the summer beam :

To it the livelong night there sings

A bird unseen, but not remote :

Invisible his airy wings,

But soft as harp that Houri strings,

His lone entrancing note.

BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

YONDER is a girl who lingers  
Where wild honeysuckle grows,  
Mingling with the briar-rose ;  
And with eager outstretched fingers,  
Tip-toe standing, vainly tries  
To reach the hedge-enveloped prize.

H. SMITH.

WOUND in the hedge-rows oaken boughs  
The woodbine's tassels float in air,  
And, blushing, the uncultured rose  
Hangs high her beauteous blossoms there.

SMITH.

---

### INVITATION TO A ROSE.

SMITH.

QUEEN of fragrance, lovely Rose,  
The beauties of thy leaves disclose !  
The winter's past, the tempests fly,  
Soft gales breathe gently thro' the sky ;  
The lark sweet warbling on the wing,  
Salutes the gay return of Spring :  
The silver dews, the vernal showers,  
Call forth a bloomy waste of flowers ;  
The joyous fields, the shady woods,  
Are clothed with green, or swell'd with buds.

Then haste thy beauties to disclose,  
QUEEN of fragrance, lovely Rose !

---

*The same.*—ANON.

NURSED by the zephyr's balmy sigh,  
And cherish'd by the tears of morn ;  
Oh, queen of flowers ! awake ! arise !  
Oh haste, delicious rose, be born !

Unheeding wish ! no—yet awhile,  
Be yet awhile thy dawn delayed ;  
Since the same hour that sees thee smile  
In orient bloom, shall see thee fade.

---

*The same.*—BOWRING.

ROSE of the morning, in thy glowing beauty,  
Bright as the stars, and delicate and lovely,  
Lift up thy head above thy earthly dwelling,  
Daughter of heaven !

Wake ! for the watery clouds are all dispers-  
ing ;  
Zephyr invites thee : frosts and snows of winter  
All are departed, and Favonian breezes  
Welcome thee, smiling.

## ON AN EARLY ROSE.

ANON.

SWEET Rose, whose early showers,  
Have kindly, fondly nurst,  
I love thy leaves of red,  
For from fair Flora's bed  
Thou lift'st thy modest head,  
Sweet Rose—the *First*.

What spell is in that word,  
The *first* ! the primal one ;  
Oh ! wherefore loves to stray  
The mind to pleasure's day,  
And count in life's pathway  
The sweets that shone !

Is it because of joys  
Long since like dreams are fled,  
Though each had rapture in it,  
None had that charm within it,  
As when that *First—First* minute,  
Their sweets were shed ?

---

*The same.*—J. H. WIFFEN.

WARM rival of the flame that dyes  
The heavens where Morning takes its birth,

Pure, glowing Rose, how canst thou rise,  
So fresh with joy, so full of mirth—  
Whilst conscious that thy gifted charms  
Pass swift as summer's transient gale,  
That neither can thy prickly arms  
Nor purple beauty aught avail,  
An hour—an instant, to delay  
The killing stroke of quick decay?  
Fast pale thy burning wings, fast eurl  
Thy leaves—the blithe bee, murmuring  
round,  
Strikes them, and one by one, they whirl,  
Decayed and senseless to the ground.  
So closely joined thy life appears  
With thy decay, that scarce I know,  
If sad Aurora in the tears  
She weeps for thee, would wish to show  
Grief for thy birth or for thy death,  
Sweet creature of celestial breath.

---

### ON A BLIGHTED ROSE-BUD.

C. SYMONS.

SCARCE had thy velvet lips imbibed the dew,  
And Nature hailed thee infant queen of May;  
Scarce saw thine opening bloom the sun's  
broad ray,

And to the air its tender fragrance threw ;  
When the north wind enamour'd of thee grew ;  
And by his cold rude kiss thy charms decay :  
Now droops thy head, now fades thy blushing  
hue,

No more the queen of flowers, no longer gay :  
So blooms a maid, her guardians—health and  
joy—

Her mind array'd in innocence's vest—  
When suddenly, impatient to destroy,  
Death clasps the virgin to his iron breast.  
She fades—the parent, sister, friend, deplore  
The charms and budding virtues now no more.

---

### THE PLUCKED ROSE BUD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

A ROSE, that bloomed the road-side by,  
Caught a young vagrant's wanton eye ;  
The child was gay, the morn was clear,  
The child would see the rose-bud near :

He saw the blooming flower.

My little rose, my rose-bud dear !

My rose that blooms the road-side near !

The child exclaimed, ' My hands shall dare,  
Thee, rose, from off thy stem to tear : '

The rose replied, ' If I have need,



My thorns shall make thy fingers bleed—

‘Thy rash design give o’er.’

My little rose, my rose-bud dear !

My rose that blooms the road-side near !

Regardless of its thorny spray,

The child would tear the rose away ;

The rose bewailed with sob and sigh,

But all in vain, no help was nigh

To quell the urchin’s pow’r.

My little rose, my rose-bud dear !

My rose that bloomed the road-side near !

---

## THE ROSE.

METASTASIO.

O LOVELY rose, whose dewy leaflets blowing,

Are tended by the genial breath of morn,

And o’er whose breast, the early breezes

borne,

Have left in crimson hue thy garments glow-

ing :

The same kind hand that watches now thy  
growing,

Shall lead thee soon a purer scene to adorn,

Where, freed for ever from the galling thorn

Thou’lt bloom—alone thy fairer features  
showing.

Secure in loveliness that never dies—

Nor snow, nor hail, nor warring winds are  
there,

Nor changing seasons, nor inclement skies ;

But, blooming safe beneath a kinder care,  
Thou shalt in calm serenity arise,

For ever fragrant, and for ever fair.

---

### SONG OF THE ROSE.

ANON.

Some say no flower that courts the eye

In beauty with the Rose can vie,

And none that yet perfumed the air

May with the fragrant Rose compare ;

They call me the Queen of the garden  
bower,

And say that I am the sweetest flower

That ever blossomed on spray or stem,

Or glittered in Flora's diadem :

But for me—I envy no flower that blows,

While I am called merry England's own bonny  
Red Rose.

Yes, how could the poet e'er venture to tell  
The charms on Beauty's young cheek that  
dwell,

Did he not aid his lingering rhyme  
With thoughts of me in my summer's prime ?  
Or how could the absent the loved one  
    pourtray,  
Were it not for the Rose in her blushing  
    array ?  
And the holiday wreath could be never  
    combined,  
Were not the bright Rose in the garland  
    entwined :  
But dearer to me is the praise Fame bestows—  
When she calls me Old England's own bonny  
    Red Rose.

---

## THE MOSS ROSE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE Angel of the flowers, one day,  
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay,  
That spirit to whom charge is given  
To bathe young buds in dews of heaven ;  
Awaking from his light repose,  
The Angel whispered to the rose :  
“ O fondest object of my care,  
“ Still fairest found, where all are fair ;  
“ For the sweet shade thou givest to me,  
“ Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee ! ”

“ Then,” said the rose, with deepened glow,  
“ On me another grace bestow ! ”—  
The spirit paused in silent thought,  
What grace was there that flower had not ?  
’Twas but a moment—o’er the rose  
A veil of moss the angel throws,  
And robed in nature’s simplest weed,  
Could there a flower that rose exceed ?

---

## THE WILD ROSE.

## MILLHOUSE.

Oh ! there’s a wild rose in yon rugged dell,  
Fragrant as that which blooms the garden’s  
pride ;  
And there’s a sympathy no tongue can tell,  
Breathed from the linnet chanting by its  
side ;  
And there is music in that whispering rill,  
Far more delightsome than the raging  
main ;  
And more of beauty on yon verdant hill,  
Than to the grandest palace can pertain :  
For there is nought so lovely and serene,  
Throughout the chambers of the mightiest  
king,  
As the pure calm that rests upon this scene,

Mid sporting lambkins and the songs of  
spring :  
Yet, oft attracted by some dazzling show,  
Man flies from peace, pursuing gilded woe.

---

## THE FADING ROSE.

C. J. FOX.

THE *Rose*, the sweetly blooming *Rose*,  
Ere from the tree it's torn,  
Is like the charms which Beauty shews,  
In life's exulting morn.

But, oh ! how soon its sweets are gone,  
How soon it withering lies !  
So when the Eve of life comes on,  
Sweet Beauty fades and dies.

Then, since the fairest form that's made,  
Soon withering we shall find,  
Let us possess what ne'er will fade,  
The beauties of the *Mind*.

---

*The same*—ANON.

A ROSE in yonder garden grew  
In summer's beauty bright ;

It fed upon the fragrant dew,  
And bathed in beams of light.  
The gentlest zephyrs still would creep  
Warm o'er it from the west ;  
And the night spirit loved to weep  
Upon its beauteous breast ;  
And all the host of insect beaux  
Would pause to trifle with the rose.

Alas! the flower—one fatal night  
The mildew rode the gale,  
And from his pinions scattered blight  
O'er gardens, bow'rs, and vale.  
I saw it in the sunny morn ;  
'Twas dying on its stem,  
Yet wore, though drooping and forlorn,  
Its dewy diadem !  
But every roving butterfly  
Looked on the rose and wandered by.

The beams of morning had no pow'r  
Upon its faded cheek ;  
The breezes came and found the flow'r  
They once had loved, a wreck ;  
They were old friends, and when they fled  
Who used to linger here,  
The rose would bow its gentle head,  
And shake away a tear.

But never raised its timid eye  
To gaze again upon the sky.  
It withered in the noonday flame ;  
And when the shadows fell,  
The spirit of the evening came,  
But vain its dewy spell.  
The moon gleamed sad, the night breeze sighed  
Above the hapless flower,  
But none who loved its day of pride  
Watched o'er its fading hour.  
The flatterers—they had long been gone ;  
It died neglected and alone.

---

## THE ROSES.

FROM THE DUTCH OF BILDERJIK.

BOWRING.

I saw them once blowing,  
While morning was glowing,  
But now are their wither'd leaves strew'd o'er  
the ground,  
For tempests to play on,  
For cold worms to prey on,  
The shame of the garden that triumphs around.  
Their buds which then flourish'd  
With dew-drops were nourished,

Which turn'd into pearls as they fell from on  
high ;  
Their hues are all banish'd,  
Their fragrance all vanish'd  
Ere evening a shadow has cast from the sky.

I saw, too, whole races  
Of glories and graces  
Thus open and blossom, but quickly decay ;  
And smiling and gladness,  
In sorrow and sadness,  
Ere life reach'd its twilight, fade dimly away.

Joy's light-hearted dances,  
And melody's glances,  
Are rays of a moment—are dying when born ;  
And pleasure's best dower  
Is nought but a flower,  
A vanishing dew-drop—a gem of the morn.

The bright eye is clouded,  
Its brilliancy shrouded,  
Our strength disappears, we are helpless and  
lone ;  
No reason avails us,  
And intellect fails us :  
Life's spirit is wasted, and darkness comes on.



## THE ROSE.

SHAKSPEARE.

Oh! how much more doth beauty beauteous  
seem,

By that sweet ornament which truth doth give  
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
For that sweet odour, which doth in it live.  
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,  
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,  
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly,  
When summer's breath their masked buds  
discloses,

But for their virtue's only in their show,  
They live unmoved, and unrespected fade,  
Die to themselves : sweet roses do not so ;  
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours  
made.

---

*The same.*—COWPER.

THE rose had been washed, just washed in a  
shower,  
Which Mary to Anna conveyed ;  
The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower,  
And weighed down its beautiful head.  
The cup was all filled, and the leaves were  
all wet,

And it seemed to a fanciful view,  
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,  
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was,  
For a nosegay, so dripping and drowned,  
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!  
I snapped it, it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaimed, is the pitiless part  
Some act by a delicate mind,  
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart  
Already to sorrow resigned.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,  
Might have bloomed with its owner awhile,  
And the tear, that is wiped with a little address,  
May be followed perhaps with a smile.

---

## THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

T. MOORE.

'Tis the last rose of summer,  
Left blooming alone ;  
All her lovely companions,  
Are faded and gone ;  
No flower of her kindred,

No rose-bud is nigh  
To reflect back her blushes,  
Or give sigh for sigh !  
I'll not leave thee, thou lone one !  
To pine on the stem ;  
Since the lovely are sleeping,  
Go sleep thou with them ;  
Thus kindly I scatter  
Thy leaves o'er the bed,  
Where thy mates of the garden,  
Lie scentless and dead.

---

ON PLUCKING A WILD ROSE LATE  
IN THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

MONTGOMERY.

Thou last pale promise of the waning year,  
Poor sickly Rose, what dost thou here ?  
Why, frail flower ! so late a comer,  
Hast thou slept away the summer ?  
Since now, in Autumn's sullen reign,  
When every breeze  
Unrobes the trees,  
And strews their annual garments on the plain,  
Awaking from repose,  
Thy fairy lids uncloset.

Last and meanest of thy race,  
Void of colour, beauty, grace !  
No bee delighted sips  
Ambrosia from thy lips ;  
No spangling dew-drops gem  
Thy fine elastic stem ;  
No living lustre glistens o'er thy bloom,  
Thy sprigs no verdant leaves adorn ;  
Thy bosom breathes no exquisite perfume,  
But pale thy countenance as snow,  
While, unconcealed below,  
All naked glares the threat'ning thorn.

\* \* \* \* \*

---

## THE WINTER ROSE.

ANON.

HAIL, and farewell, thou lovely guest!  
I may not woo thy stay,  
The hues that paint thy glowing vest,  
Are fading fast away,  
Like the returning tints that die  
At evening on the western sky,  
And melt in misty grey.

It was but now thy radiant smile  
Broke through the season's gloom,  
As bending I inhaled awhile

Thy breathing of perfume,  
And traced on every silken leaf  
A tale of summer, sweet and brief,  
And sudden as thy doom.

The morning sun thy petals hailed,  
New from their mossy cell;  
At eve his beam, in sorrow veiled,  
Bade thee a last farewell;  
To-morrow's ray shall mark the spot  
Where, loosened from their fairy knot,  
Thy withering beauties fell.

Alas ! on thy forsaken stem  
My heart shall long recline,  
And mourn the transitory gem,  
And make the story mine !  
So on my joyless winter hour  
Has oped some fair and fragrant flower,  
With smile as soft as thine.

Like thee the vision came, and went,  
Like thee it bloomed and fell,  
In momentary pity sent  
Of fairer climes to tell;  
So frail its form, so short its stay,  
That nought the lingering heart could say,  
But hail, and fare thee well !

## THE EVERLASTING ROSE.

ANSTER.

HAIL to thy hues ! thou lovely flower :  
Still shed around thy soft perfume,  
Still smile amid the wintry hour,  
And boast, ev'n now, a spring-tide bloom.

Thine is, methinks, a pleasing dream,  
Lone lingerer in the icy vale,  
Of smiles that hail'd the morning beam,  
And sighs more sweet for evening's gale.

Still are thy green leaves whispering  
Low sounds to fancy's ear, that tell  
Of mornings, when the wild bee's wing  
Shook dew-drops from thy sparkling cell !

In April's bower thy sweets are breathed,  
And June beholds thy blossoms fair ;  
In Autumn's chaplet thou art wreathed,  
And round December's forehead bare.

With thee the graceful lily vied,  
As summer breezes waved her head,  
And now the snow-drop at thy side  
Meekly contrasts thy cheerful red.

'Tis thine to hear each varying voice,  
That marks the seasons sad or gay ;

The summer thrush bids thee rejoice,  
And wintry robin's dearer lay.

Sweet flower ! how happy dost thou seem  
'Mid parching heat, 'mid nipping frost,  
While gathering beauty from each beam,  
No hue, no grace of thine is lost !

Thus Hope, 'mid life's severest days,  
Still smiles, still triumphs o'er despair :  
Alike she lives in Pleasure's rays,  
And cold Affliction's winter air.

Charmer alike in lordly bower,  
And in the hermit's cell she glows ;  
The Poet's and the Lover's flower,  
The bosom's Everlasting Rose !

---

### SHARON'S ROSE.

ANON.

Go Warrior, pluck the laurel bough,  
And bind it round thy reeking brow ;  
Ye sons of pleasure ! blithely twine  
A chaplet of the purple vine ;  
And Beauty cull each blushing flower,  
That ever decked the sylvan bower ;  
No wreath is bright, no garland fair,  
Unless sweet Sharon's Rose be there.

The laurel branch will droop and die,  
The vine its purple fruit deny,  
The wreath that smiling beauty twin'd,  
Will leave no lingering bud behind ;  
For beauty's wreath, and beauty's bloom,  
In vain would shun the withering tomb,  
Where nought is bright and nought is fair,  
Unless sweet Sharon's Rose be there.

Bright blossom ! of immortal bloom,  
Of fadeless hue, and sweet perfume,  
Far in the desert's dreary waste  
In lone neglected beauty placed,  
Let others seek the blushing bower,  
And cull the frail and fading flower,  
But I'll to dreariest wilds repair,  
If Sharon's deathless Rose be there.

When Nature's hand with cunning care,  
No more the opening bud shall rear,  
But hurl'd by heaven's avenging Sire,  
Descends the earth-consuming fire,  
And desolation's hurrying blast,  
O'er all the saddened scene has past,  
There is a clime for ever fair,  
And Sharon's Rose shall flourish there.



## THE ROSES.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND ON THE BIRTH  
OF HIS FIRST CHILD.

MONTGOMERY.

Two Roses, on one slender spray,  
In sweet communion grew,  
Together hail'd the morning ray,  
And drank the evening dew ;  
While sweetly wreathed in mossy green,  
There sprang a little bud between.

Through clouds and sunshine, storms and  
showers,  
They open'd into bloom,  
Mingling their foliage and their flowers,  
Their beauty and perfume ;  
While foster'd on its rising stem,  
The bud became a purple gem.

But soon their summer splendour passed,  
They faded in the wind ;  
Yet were these roses to the last  
The loveliest of their kind ;  
Whose crimson leaves, in falling round,  
Adorn'd and sanctified the ground.

When thus were all their honours shorn,  
The bud unfolding rose ;

And blush'd and brighten'd, as the morn  
From morn to sunrise glows,  
Till o'er each parent's drooping head,  
The daughter's crowning glory spread.

My Friends ! in youth's romantic prime,  
The golden age of man,  
Like these twin Roses spend your time,  
—Life's little, less'ning span ;  
Then be your breasts as free from cares,  
Your hours as innocent as theirs.

And in the infant bud that blows  
In your encircling arms,  
Mark the dear promise of a rose,  
The pledge of future charms,  
That o'er your withering hours shall shine,  
Fair, and more fair, as you decline ;—

Till, planted in that realm of rest,  
Where Roses never die,  
Amidst the gardens of the blest,  
Beneath a stormless sky,  
You flower afresh, like Aaron's rod,  
That blossom'd at the sight of God.

## TO A SWEET-BRIAR IN INDIA.

THE MISSIONARY LAWSON.

O STRANGER, welcome as a long-lost dream  
Art thou to me, a wanderer like thyself,  
Far from my home, and thine,  
We meet, but O how chang'd !

Not that thy form less lovely seems to me—  
Thy foliage less perfum'd ; but frailer far  
Than when at home thy boughs  
Hung o'er my weary head.

Thou seem'st a tender shade of what thou wert,  
Paler and shrinking from the sun's deep gaze  
That urgeth the quick growth  
Of thy transparent leaves.

But there is magic in thy odorous breath,  
I own thy sweet control, and think of thee,  
And seem to live again  
With thee in other climes.

I see thy shadow at the cottage door  
Besprinkled o'er with sun-beams round and  
bright,  
Like yellow guineas thrown  
Where wealth had never been.

And there re-blooms the jessamine that help'd  
With thee to form the poor man's silent bower,

Weaving o'erhead her flowers  
Like snow-stars, with thine own.

Nor was the honeysuckle absent then,  
But twisted her streak'd blossoms with thy  
leaves,  
Asking support from thee,—  
Repaying with her grace.

The low thatch met thy topmast branches,  
where  
The deep green moss, and golden stone-crop  
grew,  
And house-leek, never sere,  
Smiled in her sunny bed.

The busy wren there lodged her curious nest,  
And ever and anon her whistle came  
Full on the rushing wind,  
Like melody from heaven.

Yon scented garden charmed my youthful  
days

With all that summer cherishes to life ;  
The peony was there,  
Beside the balmy thyme.

O what of beauty graced that lovely spot !  
No luscious dream can glow with richer hues  
Of lilacs waving high  
Their plumes upon the breeze ;

Or pea with slender stem ; or spicy pink  
That opes her vermeil near the humble bed  
    Of heart-reviving mint,  
    And the wild origan ;

Or roses cheek by cheek, bow'd laughing down  
Amidst their scolloped leafage, hiding there  
    The tiny sleeping buds  
    Scarce ting'd but with a blush.

One, more than all that bloomed in that retreat,  
Its name although unknown, impressed itself  
    Upon my sorrowing heart,  
    I called it ' Sarah's love.'

For her cold hand, all motionless in death,  
Calm held the blossoms. Some were strewn  
    to hide  
    The dark cloud gathered round  
    Her lovely faded eyes.

And some were mingled with her auburn  
    braids  
That clustered round her placid face ; but sad  
    I turned, nor saw again  
    My Sister's beauteous form.

Oft have I wept at thoughts of her, and can  
But love those sweets that rested on her breast,  
    That nameless flower was there ;  
    And thou, sweet-briar, too,

Didst sigh thy odours where she rests her head.  
O stranger, waking pensive thoughts, we meet  
Once more, but ah, how chang'd,  
Far from my home, and thine !

Since last we met, long years have slowly rolled ;  
Have brought—have left their troubles, but  
there is  
A balm for human woe ;  
And more than human love

Hath hover'd like some heavenly spirit near.  
Mercy can give to saddest grief a joy,  
And bid sweet-briars grow  
Where thorns beset my path.

The Power that bids thee spring in foreign earth,  
And gives thee strength to shed thy fragrance  
here,  
Still clothing thee with green,  
Appoints to man his lot.

My wondering infants crowd to gaze at thee,  
Fair sprig, with looks of love, that seem to say  
In whispers to my heart,  
' O is not this our home ?'

May I like thee at least be loved, and live  
For others' good, then die, but not unblest,  
If one lost soul but learn  
From me that heaven is home !

## THE ROSE THAT BLOOMS AGAIN.

BARTON.

OF the brightness and beauty of Summer and  
Spring

There is little left, but the roses that blow  
By this friendly wall. To its covert they cling,  
And eagerly smile in each sunbeam's glow :  
But when the warm beam is a moment with-  
drawn,

And the loud whistling breeze sweeps over  
the lawn,

Their beauteous blossoms so fair and forlorn,  
Seem to shrink from the wind which ruffles  
them so.

Poor wind-lost tremblers ! some months gone  
by,

You were fanned by breezes gentler than  
these ;

When you stretched out your leaves to a sum-  
mer sky,

And opened your buds to the hum of bees ;  
But soon will the winter be past, and you,  
When his winds are gone to the north, shall  
renew

Your graceful apparel of glossy hue,

And wave your blossoms in Summer's  
breeze.

It is this which gives AUTUMN its magic charm  
Of pensive delight to the thoughtful mind ;  
Its shadowy splendours excite no alarm,  
Though we know that Winter lingers behind;  
We rejoice that Spring will again restore  
Every grace that enchanted the eye before ;  
And we feel that, when Nature's first bloom  
is o'er,  
Her dearest and loveliest aspect we find.

The autumnal blasts, which whirl while we  
listen ;  
The wan, sear leaf, like a floating toy ;  
The bright round drops of dew, which glisten  
On the grass at morn ; and the sunshine coy,  
Which comes and goes like a smile when  
wooed ;  
The auburn meads and the foamy flood,  
Each sight and sound, in a musing mood,  
Give birth to sensations superior to joy.



## THE WALL-FLOWER.

“ The common Wall-flower is a native of the South of Europe, and is found wild in Switzerland, France, and Spain ; and we may infer that it was one of the earliest flowers which was cultivated in our gardens, from its being so constantly found on the ruins of our oldest buildings.

“ The Wall-flowers which grow out of the crevices of old buildings are of a much hardier nature than those of the garden, for as they can receive but little moisture by the fibres of their roots, their stem becomes firm and woody, and able to bear the frost without injury, whereas those cultivated in the garden become succulent, and, consequently more susceptible of cold. The two principal varieties of the Wall-flower are the yellow, and the red or bloody.

“ The colours of the common Wall-flower are extremely rich, and as the artists express it, warm ; and their fragrance very delicious ; they are apt to have a ragged appearance, looking sometimes at a little distance like a number of beautiful petals hung accidentally together ; but when their form is preserved, they are in every respect elegant.

“ This is the interesting flower with which the romance-writers embellish all their decaying battlements, falling towers, and monastic ruins, and it seems as necessary to their stories as the dark ivy, the screeching owl, and the gliding spectre itself.

“ We possess but few flowers that adorn the garden so gaily and so sweetly as the Wall-flower; the green of its foliage is of the most agreeable tint, and endures through the winter, often treating us with its fragrance and showy petals, amongst the earliest and latest flowers that blossom; and when planted in clumps of six or ten plants each, the effect is both gay and agreeable.”

## THE WALL-FLOWER.

THE rude stone-fence, with Wall-flowers gay,  
To me more pleasure yield  
Than all the pomp imperial domes display.

SCOTT.

---

*The same.*—WALTER SCOTT.

AND well the lonely infant knew  
Recesses where the Wall-flower grew,  
And honey-suckle loved to crawl  
Up the low crag and ruin'd wall,  
I deem'd such nooks the sweetest shade  
The sun in all his round survey'd ;  
And still I thought that shattered tower,  
The mightiest work of human power.

---

## TO THE WALL-FLOWER.

ANON.

I WILL not praise the often-flattered rose,  
Or virgin-like with blushing charms half  
seen,  
Or when in dazzling splendor like a queen,  
All her magnificence of state she shows ;

No, nor that nun-like lily, which but blows  
    Beneath the valley's cool and shady screen ;  
Nor yet the sun-flower, that with warrior  
    mien,  
Still eyes the orb of glory where it glows ;—  
But thou, neglected *wall-flower*, to my breast  
    And muse art dearest, wildest, sweetest  
    flower,  
To whom alone the privilege is given  
    Proudly to root thyself above the rest  
As genius does, and, from thy rocky tower,  
    Send fragrance to the purest breath of  
    heaven.

---

*The same.*—BARTON.

To me thy site disconsolate,  
    On turret, wall, or tower,  
Makes thee appear misfortune's mate,  
    And desolation's dower.  
Thou ask'st no kindly cultured soil  
    Thy native bed to be ;  
Thou need'st not man's officious toil  
    To plant or water thee.  
Sown by the winds thou meekly rear'st,  
    On ruin's crumbling crest,

Thy fragile form ; and there appear'st,  
In smiling beauty drest.

There in the bleak and earthless bed,  
Thou brav'st the tempest's strife ;  
And giv'st, what else were cold and dead,  
A lingering glow of life.

---

### THE WALL-FLOWER,

DELTA.

THE wall-flower—the wall-flower,  
How beautiful it blooms !  
It gleams above the ruined tower,  
Like sun-light over tombs ;  
It sheds a halo of repose  
Around the wrecks of Time :  
To beauty give the flaunting rose,—  
The wall-flower is sublime.

Flower of the solitary place !  
Gray Ruin's golden crown !  
That lendest melancholy grace  
To haunts of old renown ;  
Thou mantlest over the battlement,  
By strife or storm decayed ;  
And fillest up each envious rent  
Time's canker-tooth hath made.

Thy roots outspread the ramparts o'er  
Where in war's stormy day,  
The Douglasses stood forth of yore  
In battle's grim array :  
The clangour of the field is fled,  
The beacon on the hill  
No more through midnight blazes red—  
But thou art blooming still !

Whither hath fled the choral band  
That fill'd the abbey's nave ?  
Yon dark sepulchral yew trees stand  
O'er many a level grave :  
In the belfry's crevices the dove  
Her young brood nurseth well,  
Whilst thou lone flower, dost shed above  
A sweet decaying smell.

In the season of the tulip cup,  
When blossoms clothe the trees,  
How sweet to throw the lattice up,  
And scent thee on the breeze :  
The butterfly is then abroad,  
The bee is on the wing,  
And on the hawthorn by the road  
The linnets sit and sing.

Sweet Wall-flower, sweet Wall-flower !  
Thou conjurest up to me,

Full many a soft and sunny hour  
Of boyhood's thoughtless glee,  
When joy from out the daisies grew,  
In woodland pastures green,  
And summer skies were far more blue  
Than since they e'er have been.

Now Autumn's pensive voice is heard  
Amid the yellow bowers,  
The robin is the regal bird,  
And thou the Queen of Flowers!  
He sings on the laburnum trees,  
Amid the twilight dim,  
And Araby ne'er gave the breeze  
Such scenes as thou to him.

Rich is the pink, the lily gay,  
The rose is summer's guest;  
Bland are the charms when these decay,  
Of flowers, first, last, and best!  
There may be gaudier on the bower,  
And statelier on the tree,  
But wall-flower, loved wall-flower,  
Thou art the flower for me.

---

*The same.*—TOWNSEND.

THE rose and lily blossom fair,  
But all unmeet for Sorrow's child;

They deck the bower and gay parterre,  
As if for Mirth alone they smiled.

The *cowslip* nods upon the lea;  
And, where wild wreaths the green lanes dress,  
The woodbine blooms, but not for me,  
For these are haunts of Happiness.

I will not seek the mossy bed,  
Where *violets* court soft vernal showers,  
For Quiet there reclines her head,  
And Innocence is gathering flowers.

The WALL-FLOWER only shall be mine;  
Its simple faith is dear to me;  
To roofless tower, and prostrate shrine,  
It clings with patient constancy.

And, prodigal of love, blooms on,  
Though all unseen its beauties die,  
And, though for desert gales alone,  
Breathes fragrance rich as Araby.

Oh, there appears a generous scorn  
Of all requital in its choice !  
The thousand flowers that earth adorn,  
In earth's exuberant stores rejoice.

It only asks the freshening dew,  
Imparting all where nought is given—  
Raised above earth, as if it drew  
Its only nutriment from heaven.



## THE HYACINTH OR HAREBELL.

“ The common, or Wood Hyacinth, is a native of Persia, and of many parts of Europe. In the spring it abounds in our woods, hedges, &c. and on this account, the old botanists have given it the name of the English Hyacinth. The botanic designation of *Hyacinthus non-scriptus* is applied to it, because it has not the *Ai* on the petals, and therefore is not the poetical Hyacinth.

“ It is hardly possible for a person of poetic imagination to pass our sloping hedge-rows, when covered with the azure bells of our native Hyacinth, mixed, as they generally are, with the delicate colour of the Primrose, without having their ideas softened into song,

“ Behold the woody scene  
Deck'd with a thousand flowers of grace divine.

“ This flower is called Harebell, from the *campanula*, or bell-shape of its flowers, and from its being found so frequently in those thickets most frequented by hares.

“ The common Hyacinth is sometimes called in familiar language the Blue-bell, but it is occasionally found in coppices with a pure white corolla. Gerard tells us, that they have been found with a fair carnation colour; but

we should suspect that these were the remains of the bulbs brought into this country by the Romans, as the places noticed, where they have been found, are known to have been the station of that people when in this part of the world.

“ The fresh roots of this plant are said, by Dr. Withering. to be poisonous. Gerarde tells us that the juice which they contain, answers the same purposes as gum, and that with the exception of the Wake-Robin, it makes the best starch. This kind of starch was used in the time of Queen Elizabeth, to stiffen the ruff which was then worn both by gentlemen and ladies, and also to paste books, and to fix feathers upon arrows.”

## THE HAREBELL.

THE Harebell for her stainless azured hue  
Claims to be worn by none but those are true.

Blue-bell ! how gaily art thou drest,  
How neat and trim art thou, sweet flower ;  
How silky is thy azure vest,  
How fresh to flaunt at morning's hour !  
Could'st thou but *think*, I well might say  
Thou art as proud in rich array  
As lady, blithesome, young, and vain,  
Prank'd up with folly and disdain,  
Vaunting her power.

Sweet flower !

MRS. ROBINSON.

---

*The same.*—ANON.

ANON.

SWEET Flower ! though many a ruthless storm  
Sweep fiercely o'er thy slender form,  
And many a sturdier plant may bow  
In death beneath the tempest's blow,  
Submissive thou, in pensive guise,  
Uninjured by each gale shalt rise,  
And deck'd with innocence remain  
The fairest tenant of the plain :

So, conscious of its lowly state,  
Trembles the heart assail'd by fate ;  
Yet when 'the fleeting blast is o'er,  
Settles as transient as before,  
While the proud breast no peace shall find,  
No refuge for a troubled mind.

---

*The same—ANON.*

WITH drooping bells of clearest blue  
Thou didst attract my childish view,  
Almost resembling  
The azure butterflies that flew  
Where on the heath thy blossoms grew,  
So lightly trembling.

Where feathery fern, and golden broom,  
Increase the sand-rock cavern's gloom,  
I've seen thee tangled,  
'Mid tufts of purple heather bloom,  
By vain Arachne's treacherous loom,  
With dew-drops spangled.

'Mid ruins tumbling to decay,  
Thy flowers their heavenly hues display,  
Still freshly springing ;  
Where pride and pomp have passed away,  
On mossy tomb and turret gray,  
Like friendship clinging.

When glow-worm lamps illumine the scene,  
And silvery daisies dot the green,

Thy flowers revealing,  
Perchance to soothe the fairy-queen,  
With faint sweet tones on night serene,  
Thy soft bells pealing.

But most I love thine azure braid,  
When softer flowers are all decayed,  
And thou appearest  
Stealing beneath the hedgerow shade,  
Like joys that linger as they fade,  
Whose last are dearest.

Thou art the flower of memory ;  
The pensive soul recalls in thee  
The year's past pleasures ;  
And, led by kindred thought, will flee,  
Till, back to careless infancy,  
The path she measures.

Beneath autumnal breezes bleak,  
So faintly fair, so sadly meek,  
I've seen thee bending,  
Pale as the pale blue veins that streak  
Consumption's thin, transparent cheek,  
With death-hues blending.

Thou shalt be sorrow's love and mine ;  
The violet and the eglantine  
With spring are banished.

In summer's beam the roses shine,  
But I of thee my wreath will twine,  
When these are vanished.

---

## THE HAREBELL AND THE FOX- GLOVE.

ANON.

IN a valley obscure, on a bank of green shade,  
A sweet little Harebell her dwelling had  
made ;

Her roof was a woodbine, that tastefully spread  
Its close-woven tendrils, o'erarching her head;  
Her bed was of moss, that each morning made  
new ;

She dined on a sunbeam and supp'd on the  
dew :

Her neighbour, the nightingale, sung her to  
rest ;

And care had ne'er planted a thorn in her  
breast.

One morning she saw, on the opposite side,  
A Fox-glove displaying his colours of pride :  
She gazed on his form that in stateliness grew,  
And envied his height, and his brilliant hue ;  
She mark'd how the flow'rets all gave way  
before him,

While they press'd round her dwelling with  
far less decorum :

Dissatisfied, jealous, and peevish she grows,  
And the sight of this Fox-glove destroys her  
repose.

She tires of her vesture, and swelling with  
spleen,

Cries, " Ne'er such a dowdy blue mantle was  
seen !"

Nor keeps to herself any longer her pain,  
But thus to a Primrose begins to complain :

" I envy your mood, that can patient abide  
" The respect paid that Fox-glove, his airs,  
and his pride :

" There you sit, still the same, with your  
colourless cheek ;

" But you have no spirit—would I were as  
meek."

The Primrose good-humour'd replied, " If  
you knew

" More about him—(remember I'm older  
than you,

" And, better instructed, can tell you his tale)

" You'd envy him least of all flowers in the vale :

" With all his fine airs and his dazzling show,

" No blossom more baneful and odious can  
blow ;

“ And the reason that flow’rets before him  
give way

“ Is because they all hate him and shrink  
from his sway.

“ To stay near him long would be fading or  
death,

“ For he scatters a pest with his venomous  
breath ;

“ While the flowers that you fancy are  
crowding you there,

“ Spring round you, delighted your converse  
to share :

“ His flame-colour’d robe is imposing, ’tis true ;

“ Yet, who likes it so well as your mantle of  
blue ?

“ For we know that of innocence one is the vest,

“ The other the cloak of a treacherous breast.

“ I see your surprise—but I know him full well,

“ And have number’d his victims, as fading  
they fell ;

“ He blighted twin Violets that under him lay,

“ And poison’d a sister of mine the same day !”

The Primrose was silent—The Harebell ’tis  
said,

Inclined for a moment her beautiful head ;

But quickly recovered her spirits and then

Declared that she ne’er should feel envy again.



## THE CEREUS.

“ The night-flowering *Cereus* (*Cactus grandiflorus*), is one of our most splendid hot-house plants, and is a native of Jamaica and some other of our West India Islands. Its stem is creeping, and thickly set with spines. The flower is white and very large, sometimes nearly a foot in diameter. Its petals are of a pure and dazzling white ; and a vast number of recurved stamens, surrounding the style in the centre, add to its beauty. The fine scent of this extraordinary flower perfumes the air to a considerable distance, but the most remarkable circumstance with regard to it, is the short time which it takes to expand and the rapidity with which it decays. Upon large plants, eight or ten flowers will open on the same night, making a most magnificent appearance by candlelight, bloom for an hour or two, then begin to droop, and before morning be completely dead. This plant does not bear fruit in this country, and must be nursed in a stove to enable it to produce flowers.”

“ The Pink-flowered Creeping *Cereus* produces a greater number of flowers than the former. They open in May, or, in warm seasons, yet earlier. They are of a fine pink

colour, and keep open three or four days. This plant is a native of Peru.

“ The Six-angled Upright Cereus, or Torch-thistle, was the first which became common in English hot-houses. This plant, if not cut down, will grow forty feet high ; but wherever the stems are cut, they put out others from the angles immediately below the wounded part. The flowers are white, and as large as those of the hollyhock. It does not often flower ; when it does, it is generally in July. It is a native of Surinam, and is fed upon by the cochineal insect, for whose sake it is extensively propagated by the Indians.”

## THE NIGHT-BLOWING CEREUS.

ANON.

CAN it be true ? so fragrant and so fair !  
To give thy perfume to the dews of night ?  
Can aught so beautiful shrink from the glare,  
And fade and sicken in the coming light ?  
Yes, peerless flower ! the heavens alone exhale  
Thy fragrance ; while the glittering stars  
attest ;  
And incense, wafted from the midnight gale,  
Untainted rises from thy spotless breast.  
Sweet emblem of that faith, which seeks, apart  
From human praise, to love and work unseen ;  
That gives to Heaven an undivided heart—  
In sorrow stedfast, and in joy serene !  
Anchored on God, no adverse cloud can dim ;  
Her eye, unaltered, still is fixed on Him !

---

*The same.*—MRS. ABDY.

FAIR flower whose coy and diffident revealings  
Bloom to the gaze of pensive Night alone ;  
Thou seem'st a record of my wayward feel-  
ings,—

For when life's glittering sunbeams round me  
shone,

Closed was my heart, nor gave one bud of love  
To glorify its bounteous Lord above.

But sorrow came, and summer friends de-  
parted;

Then at the throne of grace I learned to kneel,  
And now, aroused from sloth, and fervent-  
hearted,

The holy glow of gratitude I feel,  
And those sweet leaves in darkness have un-  
furl'd,

That shunned the gaudy splendour of the  
world.

---

### TO THE NIGHT-BLOWING CEREUS.

H. I. JOHNS.

FLOWER of the Night! mysteriously awake  
When Earth's green tribes repose, why stealth-  
ful thus

Com'st thou to meet the stars—unfolding soft,  
Beneath their tranquil ray, thy peerless form?  
Flower of the night! chaster than Alpine  
snows—

Unvisited by aught save Heaven's sweet  
breath—

Why hide thy loveliness from mortal eye,  
Why pour thy fragrance to the unconscious  
night?  
—Thou art, alas! too exquisitely fair,  
Too pure for Earth's corrupted denizens!  
Yet not in vain thy odoriferous breath,  
And beauty all unearthly : *He* who thus  
Hath fashion'd thee, a chaste and midnight gem;  
Who stamp'd thee with the lineaments of  
grace,  
But veil'd thy birth, and short-liv'd bloom in  
darkness;  
Some end beneficent design'd, though far  
Beyond or human ken or comprehension!—  
Earth's lowliest herb is eloquent of *Him*,  
*The Great Supreme!* and thou, mysterious  
flower,  
Fair glory of the night! might Fancy give  
Thy voice interpretation, couldst unfold  
Why form'd so fair, and why ordain'd to spend  
Thy sweets nectareous in nocturnal gloom.

---

## NIGHT-FLOWERING CEREUS.

ANON.

Now departs day's gairish light—  
Beauteous flower, lift thy head!

Rise upon the brow of night !

Haste, thy transient lustre shed !

Night has dropped her dusky veil—

All vain thoughts be distant far,

While, with silent awe, we hail

Flora's radiant evening star.

See to life her beauties start ;

Hail ! thou glorious, matchless flower !

Much thou sayest to the heart,

In the solemn, fleeting hour.

Ere we have our homage paid,

Thou wilt bow thine head and die ;

Thus our sweetest pleasures fade,

Thus our brightest blessings fly.

Sorrow's rugged stem, like thine,

Bears a flower thus purely bright ;

Thus, when sunny hours decline,

Friendship sheds her cheering light.

Religion, too, that heavenly flower,

That joy of never-fading worth,

Waits, like thee, the darkest hour,

Then puts all her glories forth.

Then thy beauties are surpassed,

Splendid flower that bloom'st to die ;

For Friendship and Religion last,

When the morning beams on high.

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HARMS, 188. & SCULP



## THE CELANDINE.

“ The name of this plant is derived from the Greek, and signifies a swallow. It is not so named, as some have supposed, from its coming and going with the swallow ; but, according to Gerarde, from an opinion which prevailed among the country-people, that the old swallows used it to restore sight to their young, when their eyes were out. For the same reason it is also called Swallow-wort.

“ The Great, or Major Celandine, which is the proper Swallow-wort, is common in hedges, and other shady places ; on rubbish, rocks, or old walls. It bears a bright-yellow flower, and continues in blossom from the beginning of May till the end of July.

“ This species preserves its green leaves all the year, and they are remarkably handsome ; being large, elegantly shaped, and of a transparency which shows the delicacy of their texture, as the yellow light shines through them.

“ The Small Celandine, or Pilewort, is a species of *ranunculus*, called the *ranunculus ficaria*, from the shape of the root, which resembles that of the fig. This plant is not usually admitted into gardens ; but on the contrary, on account of the injury it does to every thing growing near it, is carefully rooted out wherever it appears.”

In early spring, there is scarcely a grove, thicket, meadow, orchard, or plantation of any kind, that is not covered with the glossy golden flower of the Small Celandine. When they have been exposed for some days to the heat of the sun, they turn white, and fall off: they are succeeded by small bulbs, like grains of wheat, which shoot from the bottom of the leaves; and as the stalks lie upon the ground, these little bulbs get into the earth, and become the roots of new plants. The stalks being sometimes washed bare by the rains have induced the ignorant and superstitious to believe that it raised wheat. The young leaves are eaten by the common people of Sweden, boiled as greens.

At night, and in wet weather, the flowers close, which helps to preserve them from the cold that otherwise might be hurtful to them, from their flowering so early in the spring. They first appear in February, and continue through March, and a great part of April.

The Major Celandine is of the class *Polyandria*, and order *Monogynia*; the Small Celandine, of the class *Polyandria*, and order *Polygynia*,

## TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.

ANON.

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,  
Let them live upon their praises ;  
Long as there's a sun that sets,  
Primroses will have their glory ;  
Long as there are violets,  
They will have a place in story ;  
There's a flower that shall be mine,  
'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far  
For the finding of a star ;  
Up and down the heavens they go,  
Men that keep a mighty rout !  
I'm as great as they, I trow,  
Since the day I found thee out,  
Little flower !—I'll make a stir,  
Like a great Astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an elf,  
Bold, and lavish of thyself ;  
Since we needs must first have met,  
I have seen thee, high and low,  
Thirty years or more, and yet  
'Twas a face I did not know ;

Thou hast now, go where I may,  
Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,  
In the time before the thrush  
Has a thought about its nest,  
Thou wilt come with half a call,  
Spreading out thy glossy breast  
Like a careless prodigal ;  
Telling tales about the sun,  
When we've little warmth or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood !  
Travel with the multitude :  
Never heed them ; I aver,  
That they all are wanton wooers ;  
But the thrifty cottager,  
Who stirs little out of doors,  
Joys to spy thee near her home ;  
Spring is coming, thou art come !

Comfort have thou of thy merit,  
Kindly, unassuming spirit !  
Careless of thy neighbourhood,  
Thou dost show thy pleasant face  
On the moor, and in the wood,  
In the lane—there's not a place,  
Howsoever mean it be,  
But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,  
 Children of the flaring hours!  
 Buttercups, that will be seen,  
 Whether we will see or no;  
 Others, too, of lofty mien;  
 They have done as worldlings do,  
 Taken praise that should be thine,  
 Little, humble Celandine!

Prophet of delight and mirth,  
 Scorned and slighted upon earth!  
 Herald of a mighty band,  
 Of a joyous train ensuing,  
 Singing at my heart's command,  
 In the lanes my thoughts pursuing,  
 I will sing, as doth behove,  
 Hymns in praise of what I love!

---

*The same.*—WORDSWORTH.

PLEASURES newly found are sweet  
 When they lie about our feet:  
 February last, my heart  
 First at sight of thee was glad;  
 All unheard of as thou art,  
 Thou must needs, I think, have had,  
 Celandine! and long ago,  
 Praise of which I nothing know.

Soon as gentle breezes bring  
News of winter's vanishing,  
And the children build their bowers,  
Sticking 'kerchief plots of mould  
All about with full-blown flowers,  
Thick as sheep in shepherd's fold!  
With the proudest Thou art there,  
Mantling in the tiny square.

Blithe of heart, from week to week  
Thou dost play at hide-and-seek ;  
While the patient primrose sits  
Like a beggar in the cold,  
Thou, a flower of wiser wits,  
Slipp'st into thy sheltered hold ;  
Bright as any of the train  
When ye all are out again.

Thou art not beyond the moon,  
But a thing ' beneath our shoon : "  
Let the bold adventurer thrid  
In his bark the polar sea ;  
Rear who will a pyramid ;  
Praise it is enough for me,  
If there be but three or four  
Who will love my little flower.

## THE ORCHIS.

“ The Greeks named this plant Orchis from the form of the roots in many of the species, and this appellation is now generally adopted in most of the European languages. In addition to the Greek name, the Latins often call it Satyrion, because the early Romans believed it to be the food of the Satyrs, and that it excited them to the excesses which in fabulous history are ascribed to them. Its old English names are Standle-wort and King-fingers.

“ In consequence either of a want of taste in floriculture, or of a foolish predilection for ancient prejudices, this beautiful flower has been excluded from the parterre of Flora ; but so anxious have been the Botanists to collect its different species from all quarters of the world, that from their exertions we now possess upwards of eighty distinct species, besides numerous varieties of several of the kinds.

“ The Ophrys is a genus of the Orchis, and derives its name from the Greek ophrus, the eye-brow, one species having been anciently used either to blacken the eye-brows, or to make them grow. Of the various species of this plant, we shall notice only the Fly Ophrys, and the Bee Ophrys.

“ The Fly Ophrys is generally in flower from the end of May to the beginning of July.

The flowers expand in succession, beginning at the bottom, and it is not common to see more than three or four expanded at one time; as the lower ones decay, others open higher on the spike, until the whole have blossomed. They are thinly scattered on the stem, which adds considerably to the deception, for were they numerous, it would lessen the effect. The calyx divides into three lanceolate leaves of pale green, out of which issues a corolla or petal, so bent, cut, and painted, as to resemble a fly with its head in the calyx.

The Bee Ophrys flowers about a month later than the Fly Ophrys, and the flowery spike is thicker and shorter than the latter species, being generally from about six to ten inches in height. The flowers are considerably broader and closer set, and in shape and colour resemble a small humble bee. The spike seldom produces more than four or six flowers, but like the Fly Ophrys, it continues a considerable time in blossom before it withers, unless it is too much exposed to the sun or the wind. The leaves of this plant are of an ovate lanceolate shape, silvery underneath, and considerably larger than those of the Fly Ophrys.

The Orchis is of the class *Gynandria*, and order *Monandria*.



## THE BEE-ORCHIS.

R. SNOW, ESQ.

SEE, Delia, see, this image bright ;  
Why starts my fair one at the sight ?  
It mounts not on obtrusive wing,  
Nor threats thy breast with angry sting :  
Admire, as close the insect lies,  
Its thin-wrought plume, and honey'd thighs ;  
Whilst on this flow'rets velvet breast,  
It seems as though 'twere lull'd to rest,  
Nor might its fairy wings unfold,  
Enchain'd in aromatic gold.  
Think not to set the captive free—  
'Tis but the picture of a bee.

Yet wonder not that Nature's power  
Should paint an insect in a flower ;  
And stoop to means that bear in part  
Resemblance to imperfect art—  
Nature, who could that form inspire  
With strength and swiftness, life and fire,

And bid it search each spicy vale  
Where flowers their fragrant souls exhale ;  
And, labouring for the parent hive,  
With murmurs make the wild alive.

For when in Parian stone we trace  
Some best-remember'd form or face ;  
Or see on radiant canvas rise  
An imitative Paradise ;  
And feel the warm affections glow,  
Pleased at the pencil's mimic show ;  
'Tis but obedience to the plan  
Prom Nature's birth proposed to Man ;  
Who, lest her choicest sweets in vain  
Should blossom for our thankless train ;  
Lest beauty pass unheeded by  
Like cloud upon the summer sky ;  
Lest mem'ry of the brave and just  
Should sleep with them consign'd to dust ;  
With leading hand th' expedient proves,  
And paints for us the form she loves.





BAUER. DEL. & SCULP.

## THE ANEMONE.

“Anemone is derived from the Greek ANEMOS, wind; as Gerarde says after Pliny, because ‘the flower doth never open itself but when the wind doth blow.’ As this is not quite correct, at least with the anemone of our day, the appellation is supposed to have arisen from the plant flourishing in exposed and windy situations.

“The ancient fabulists ascribe to this flower a very high birth. They tell us that Venus in her grief for the death of Adonis, mingled her tears with his blood, and that thence sprung the first Anemone.

“The Anemones are natives of the East, whence their roots were originally brought; but they have been so much improved by culture, as to take a high rank among the ornaments of our gardens in the spring.

“The Anemones are generally divided into two distinct families by the florists, under the names of *Coronaria* and *Hortensis*. The latter expands its six petals in the form of a star, and hence is called the star Anemone. This species justly ranks amongst the most elegant as well as the most showy of our early flowers.

“ The Wood Anemone grows in the woods and hedges in most parts of Europe. In March, April, and May, many of our woods are almost covered with these flowers, which expand in clear weather, and look towards the sun; but in the evening, and in wet weather, close and droop their heads.”

We shall conclude our brief account of the Anemone with an anecdote related by the Abbe la Pluche, who states that a Parisian florist named “ Bachelier, having procured some very beautiful species of these plants from the East, kept them to himself for ten years. A witty member of the French parliament, disgusted at the parsimony of the Florist, paid him a visit at his country house, where, in walking round the garden, and observing the Anemones were in seed, let his robe fall upon them as if by accident; by this device he swept off a considerable number of the little feathery seeds, which stuck fast to it. His servant, whom he had purposely instructed, wrapped them up in a moment, without exciting suspicion or attention. The innocent theft was made known to the friends of the member, who enjoyed the joke against the niggardly florist, and they by this project soon spread the young plants over the Parisian gardens.”

The Anemone is of the order *Polyandria*, and class *Polygynia*.

## THE ANEMONE.

SEE ! yon anemones their leaves unfold  
With rubies flaming, and with living gold.

ANON.

Then thickly strewn in woodland bowers,  
Anemones their stars unfold.

ANON.

Youth, like a thin anemone, displays  
His silken leaf, and in a morn decays.

And then I gather'd rushes, and began  
To weave a garland for you, intertwined  
With violets, hepaticas, primroses,  
And coy Anemone, that ne'er uncloses  
Her lips until they're blown on by the wind.

AMARYNTHUS.

---

## TO THE WOOD-ANEMONE.

ANON.

WELCOME! though cold the hour,

Anemone!

And shelterless the hazel be :  
Yet Spring shall form the greener bower,  
And sunshine bring, and warmer shower,  
To foster thee.

Where hast thou been since last

## The wanton air

Was roving through thy chambers fair?

Did elfin troop then close them fast,

And have the while, in revels past,

Pavilioned there ?

Or hast thou been in quest

## Of summer spot

To dwell upon, yet found it not?

Or here to strip thy beauteous vest,

And lay thee down like death to rest,

Hath been thy lot!

**Welcome ! for drear the glade**

Has been to me.

And all the flow'rets withered be

Young life had reared in sun and shade,

'They spring no more, though they do fade

And die like thee.

Yet though this be the doom

Of earthly flower,

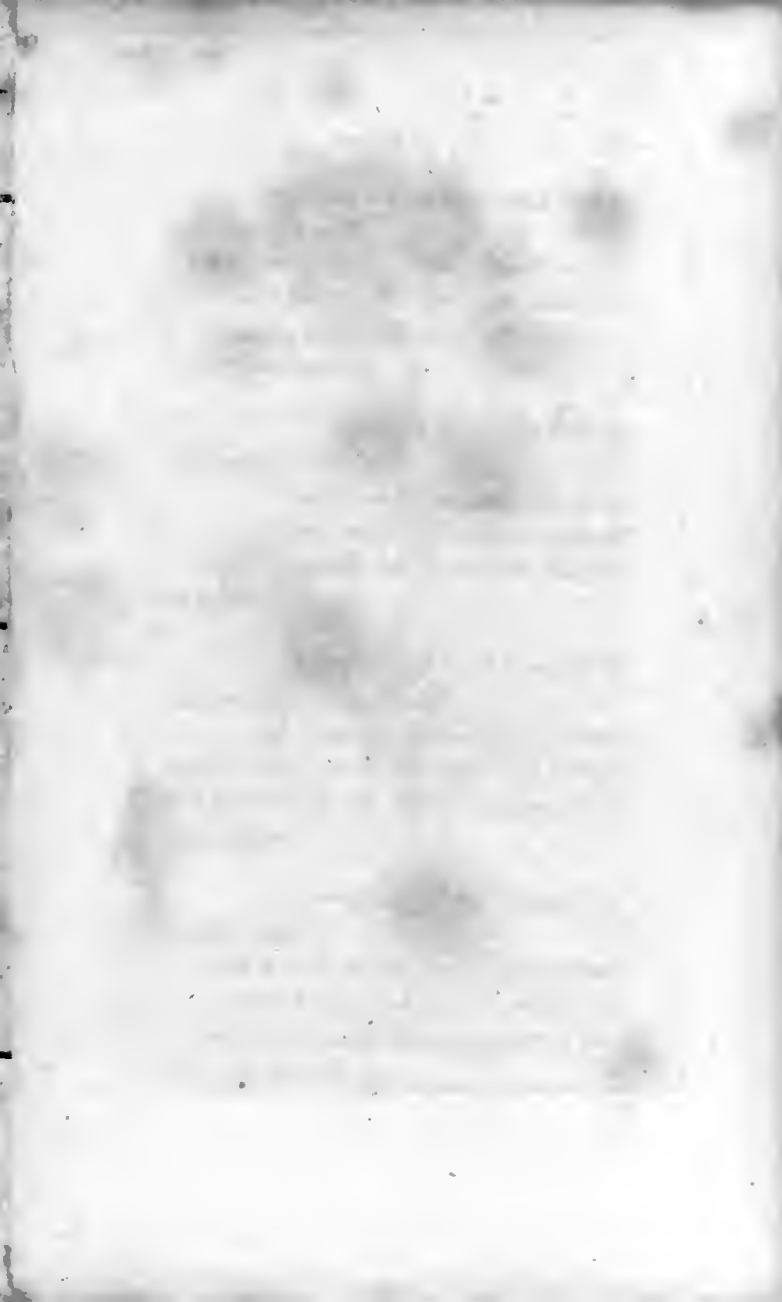
And earthly hopes may feel its power,

Still hopes are left that mock the tomb,

And nurture here the strength to bloom

In heavenly bower.







SAULS. DEL. F

## PASSION-FLOWER.

“ The Passion-flower derives its name from a superstitious idea that all the instruments of the Saviour’s passion are represented in it.

“ Most of the Passion-flowers are natives of the hottest parts of America, and require a stove in this country. It is a beautiful genus. The rose-coloured Passion-flower is a native of Virginia, and is the species which was first known in Europe. It has since been in great measure superseded by the blue Passion-flower, which is hardy enough to flower in the open air, and makes an elegant tapestry for an unsightly wall. The leaves of this, in the autumn, are of the most brilliant crimson; and, when the sun is shining upon them, seem to transport one to the gardens of Pluto.

The rose-coloured, however, if sheltered from frost, will thrive without artificial heat. In mild weather it may be allowed fresh air, and in the summer will enjoy a full exposure to it. The flowers are purple and white; very handsome, and sweet, but very short-lived; opening in the morning, and fading in the evening.

The fruit is about the size of an Orlean-plum: when ripe, it is of a pale orange colour, and encloses many rough seeds, lying in a sweet pulp. The fruit of some kinds is eatable, and in the West Indies much esteemed. It varies in size from that of an olive to that of a large lemon.

The fruit of the Laurel-leaved Passion-flower, or Water Lemon, contain a sweet and tasteful juice, which is extremely fragrant. The West Indians suck this juice through a hole in the rind. The French call this species *pomme de liane* (bindweed apple), and English Honeysuckle.

The Passion-Flower is of the class *Pentandria*, and order *Monogynia*.

## THE PASSION FLOWER.

BARTON.

WE roam the seas—give new found isles  
Some King's or Conqueror's name ;  
We rear on earth triumphal piles,  
As meeds of earthly fame.

Then may not *one* poor flow'ret's bloom,  
The holier memory share,  
Of Him, who to avert our doom,  
Vouchsafed our sins to bear.

God dwelleth not in temples rais'd  
By work of human hands,  
Yet shrines august, by men rever'd,  
Are found in Christian lands.

And may not e'en a simple flower  
Proclaim his glorious praise,  
Whose fiat only had the power,  
Its form from earth to raise.

Then freely let the blossoms ope,  
Its beauties to recall,  
A scene which bids the humble hope  
In him who died for all.

*The same.*—DR. EDMUND CARTWRIGHT.

YON mystic flower, with gold and azure  
bright,

Whose stem luxuriant speaks a vigorous root,  
Unfolds her blossoms to the morn's salute,  
That close and die in the embrace of night.

No luscious *fruits* the cheated taste invite—  
Her short-lived blossoms, ere they lead to  
fruit,

Demand a genial clime, and suns that shoot  
Their rays direct, with undiminished light.

Thus HOPE, the passion-flower of human life,  
Whose wild luxuriance mocks the pruner's  
knife,

Profuse in promise makes a like display  
Of evanescent blooms—that last a day ;  
To cheer the mental eye, no more is given :  
The FRUIT is only to be found—in HEAVEN.

## HAWTHORN.

Few trees exceed the common Hawthorn in beauty, during the season of its bloom. Its blossoms have been justly compared to those of the myrtle: they are admirable also for their abundance, and for their exquisite fragrance. This shrub usually flowers in May; and being the handsomest then; or perhaps at any time wild in our fields, has obtained the name of May, or May-bush. The country people deck their houses and churches with the blossoms on May-day, as they do with holly at Christmas.

There are many species of Hawthorn. India has its Hawthorn: America, China, Siberia, have each their Hawthorn: several are Europeans: but our own British shrub yields to none of them. It is very common in every part of England; is to be seen in every hedge:

“ And every shepherd tells his tale\*

Under the hawthorn in the dale.”

MILTON.

This tree not only delights our senses with its beauty and perfume, and affords a cooling shade in sunny fields, a benevolence for which

\* That is, he counts his sheep, as he lies extended in the shade of this tree.

it has been celebrated by many of our best poets, but it also harbours the little birds which cheer us with their joyous music. The thrush, and many others, feed in winter on its berries, the bright scarlet haws.

“The Glastonbury variety, commonly called the Glastonbury Thorn, usually flowers in January or February ; but it is sometimes in blossom on Christmas-day. In many countries the peasants eat the berries of the Hawthorn ; and the Kamschatdales make a wine from them.

“The scent of the May-blossom is proverbially sweet. How much is said in praise both of its beauties and sweetness in the following couplet :

“A bush of May-flowers with the bees about  
them ;

Ah, sure no tasteful nook would be without  
them !”

KEATS.

The Hawthorn is of the class *Icosandria*, and order *Digynia*.



## THE HAWTHORN.

ANON.

ON Summer's breast the hawthorn shines  
In all the lily's bloom,  
'Mid slopes where th' evening flock reclines,  
Where glows the golden broom.

When yellow Autumn decks the plain,  
The hawthorn's boughs are green,  
Amid the ripening fields of grain,  
In emerald brightness seen.

A night of frost, a day of wind,  
Have stript the forest bare :  
The hawthorn too that blast shall find,  
Nor shall that spoiling spare.

But red with fruit, that hawthorn bough,  
Tho' leafless yet will shine ;  
The blackbird far its hues shall know,  
As lapwing knows the vine.

Be thus thy youth as lilies gay,  
Thy manhood vigorous green ;  
And thus let fruit bedeck thy spray,  
'Mid age's leafless scene.

*The same.*—ANON.

FAIR hawthorn flowering,  
With green shade bowering  
Along the lovely shore ;  
To thy foot around  
With his long arm wound  
A wild vine has mantled thee o'er.

In merry spring-tide,  
When to woo his bride,  
The nightingale comes again,  
Thy boughs among  
He warbles his song,  
That lightens a lover's pain.

Mid thy topmost leaves  
His nest he weaves  
Of moss and the satin fine,  
Where his callow brood  
Shall chirp at their food,  
Secure from each hand but mine.

Gentle hawthorn, thrive,  
And, for ever alive,  
May'st thou blossom as now in thy prime ;  
By the wind unbroke,  
And the thunderstroke,  
Unspoiled by the axe of time.

## THE GENTIAN.

“ This genus of plant has received its name in honour of Gentius, a King of Illyria, who is said to have discovered one of the species of it. He is also supposed to have experienced its virtues on his army, as a cure for the plague.

“ The Gentians are very numerous, and many of them eminently beautiful. They are generally very difficult to preserve in a garden ; and being long-rooted, very few are adapted for planting in pots. The smaller kinds, however, may be so cultivated : as the Swallow wort-leaved, which does not exceed a foot in height, and has large light-blue bell shaped flowers, blowing in July and August. The roots only are perennial ; the stalks decay annually : and of most of the species, the flowers appear but once in two or three years. The March Gentian has also fine blue flowers, though few in number, and blows in August and September. This species grows naturally in England and many other parts of Europe.

The Dwarf Gentian, or *Gentianella*, has a most beautiful blue flower, which blows in April and May : it is a native of the Alps, where it peeps out from amidst the wildest

sublimities of nature, winning the attention, and beguiling the fatigue of the traveller. The Fringed-flowered species has also large blue flowers, appearing in August and September. It is a native of many parts of Europe, and of Canada.

“ The small Alpine, and the aquatic kinds have also blossoms of a vivid hue, flowering in May and June. Linnæus speaks of the first as adorning the Pyrenees with its splendid blossoms; the latter is a native of China and Japan.

The yellow large Gentian is a very useful plant, being not only a valuable medicine, but also an excellent substitute for hops in brewing; and before hops had established their reputation, this Gentian was commonly used for that purpose.

The Gentian is of the class *Pentandria*, and order *Monogynia*.

## THE GENTIANELLA.

MONTGOMERY.

IN LEAF.

GREEN thou art, obscurely green,  
Meanest plant among the mean !  
—From the dust *I* took my birth ;  
*Thou* too art a child of earth.  
I aspire not to be great ;  
Scorn not thou my low estate :  
Wait the time, and thou shalt see  
Honour crown humility,  
Beauty set her seal on me.

IN FLOWER.

Blue thou art, intensely blue !  
Flower, whence came thy dazzling hue ?  
—When I open'd first mine eye,  
Upward glancing to the sky,  
Straightway from the firmament  
Was the sapphire brilliance sent :  
Brighter glory wouldst thou share ?  
Look to heaven, and seek it there  
In the act of faith and prayer.

---

*The same.*—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

MEER dwellers 'mid yon terror-stricken cliffs !  
With brows so pure, and incense-breathing  
lips,

Whence are ye?—Did some white-winged  
messenger

On Mercy's missions trust your timid germ  
To the cold cradle of eternal snows?

Or, breathing on the callous icicles,  
Bid them with tear-drops nurse ye?—

—Tree nor shrub

Dare that drear atmosphere; no polar pine  
Uprears a veteran front; yet there ye stand,  
Leaning your cheeks against the thick-ribbed  
ice,

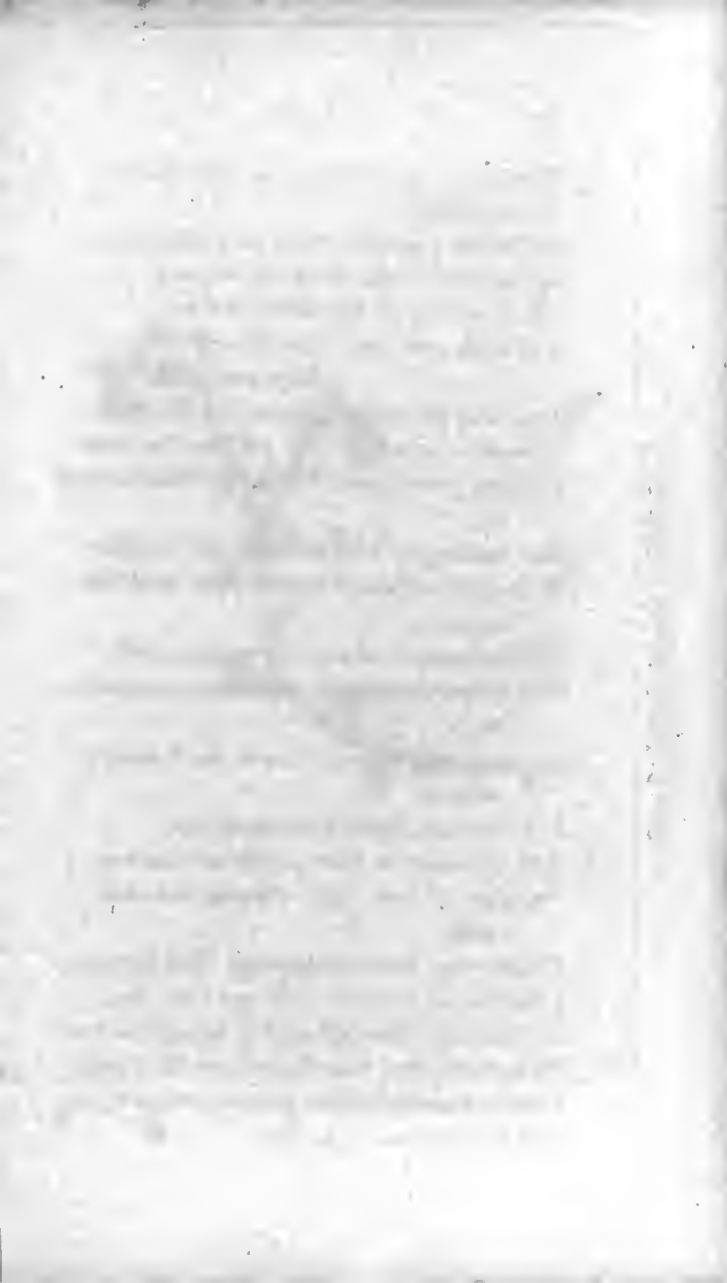
And looking up with brilliant eyes to Him  
Who bids you bloom unblanched amid the  
waste

Of desolation. Man, who panting, toils  
O'er slippery steeps, or, trembling, treads the  
verge

Of yawning gulfs, o'er which the headlong  
plunge

Is to eternity, looks shuddering up,  
And marks ye in your placid loveliness—  
Fearless, yet frail—and, clasping his chill  
hands,

Blesses your pencilled beauty. 'Mid the pomp  
Of mountain summits rushing on the sky,  
And chaining the rapt soul in breathless awe,  
He bows to bind you drooping to his breast,  
Inhales your spirit from the frost-winged gale,  
And freer dreams of heaven.





*DANKS, DEL & SOULF*



## FORGET ME NOT, OR MYOSOTIS PALUSTRIS.

This plant is named myosotis from mus, a rat, and ous otos, an ear. Its oval, velvety leaves are like the ears of a rat or mouse. It is a well-known sentimental flower, will grow everywhere, and varies more than most plants with situation. On dry walls and rubbish, it is dwarfish, rough, and hairy, not rising when in flower more than two or three inches; in muddy ditches it is smooth all over, of a shining light green, and two or three feet high. In common soils, as in a garden, or loamy corn field, it assumes an intermediate character.

This beautiful little flower, which adorns every spot where it grows, with its corollas of celestial blue, has become celebrated by a German tale of extraordinary romance. It is related that a youthful pair who were on the eve of being united in marriage, whilst walking along the delightful banks of the Danube, saw one of those lovely flowers floating on the waves, which seemed ready to carry it away. The affianced bride admired the beauty of the flower, and regretted its fatal destiny, which induced the lover to precipitate himself into the water; when he had no sooner seized the flower than he sunk

in the flood, but, making a last effort, he threw the flower upon the shore, and, at the moment of disappearing for ever, he exclaimed 'vergils mich nicht,' since which this flower has been emblematical, and taken the name of FORGET ME NOT.

The first in order of time of our British Annuals, and which has been published for many years by Mr. Ackerman, derives its name from this floral gem.

The *Myosotis* is of the class *Pentandria*, and order *Monogynia*.

## FORGET-ME-NOT.

BERNARD BARTON.

BLOSSOMS more rich and rare than thou  
May twine round Beauty's graceful brow  
    In moods of sunny mirth ;  
The rose's or the myrtle's flower  
Might more beseem her festive hour,  
And give, in Pleasure's careless bower,  
    To brighter fancies birth.

But in these moments sad, yet dear,  
When parting wakes affection's tear,  
    Thy stainless blossoms' braid,  
Whose name forbids us to forget,  
Would be the chosen coronet,  
Love on the loveliest brow would set  
    To crave fond memory's aid.

When "earth to earth," and "dust to dust."  
The lov'd lamented, we entrust,  
    What flower may grace the spot,  
Where sleep the reliques of the dead,  
For whom the frequent tear is shed,  
Like thine—which, from the grave's cold bed,  
    Repeats "Forget me not!"

## SONG OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

ANON.

How many bright flowers now around me are  
    glancing,  
Each seeking its praise, or its beauty en-  
    hancing !  
The rose-buds are hanging like gems in the  
    air,  
And the lily-bell waves in her fragrance there.  
    Alas ! I can claim neither fortune nor power,  
    Neither beauty nor fragrance are cast in  
        my lot ;  
    But contented I cling to my lowly bower .  
    And smile while I whisper—“ *Forget me*  
        *not !* ”  
The jasmine so lovely is o’er me entwining,  
With the sweet-scented violet its odours com-  
    bining,—  
May their discord be ended, and smiling in  
    peace,  
Be it long e’er their sweet dreams of happi-  
    ness cease !  
While I am contented to blossom apart,  
In my humble bower, by the lowly cot,  
I ask for no homage but that of the heart,  
And smile while I whisper—‘ *Forget-me-not !* ’

## MOSSES.

A few of the most remarkable mosses are, the greater water-moss, the grey bog-moss, the yellow powder-wort, and the common club moss.

Mosses are almost constantly green, and have the finest verdure in autumn. Some of the mosses spread in a continued leaf; others grow hollow above, like small cups; others round on the top, like mushrooms; and some shoot out in branches. All these have their different seeds, which do not require great delicacy of soil, but take root on any thing where they can grow unmolested. Those *mosses* which rise immediately from the earth are more perfect; some of them white and hollow, or fistulous; and some of them not much inferior to regular plants. The more perfect sorts grow on stones, in the form of a fine pile or fur, like velvet, and of a glossy colour, between green and black. But the first sort, which appears like scurf or crust, seems to rise but one degree above the unwrought mould or earth. An unhealthy tree is never without these imperfect *super-plants*; and the more unhealthy the tree is, the better they thrive.

The Moss is of the class *Cryptogamia*, and order *Musci*.

Mr. Park, the celebrated African traveller, gives the following account of the feelings and sentiments which were awakened in his mind, by the sight of one of these interesting productions of nature, in the midst of desert wilds :— ‘Whatever way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification, irresistibly caught my eye. I mention this, to show from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation ; for, though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and corolla, without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image ? Surely not. I started up, and disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forward, assured that relief was at hand ; and I was not disappointed.’

Upon this incident, a blind boy, named Alexander Lethan, an inmate of the asylum for such unfortunate persons at Edinburgh, composed, about three years ago, the following verses :—

## THE MOSS.

Ah! lovely flower what care, what power,  
In thy fair structure are displayed  
By him who reared thee to this hour,  
Within the forest's lonely shade!

Thy tender stalk, and fibres fine,  
Here find a shelter from the storm;  
Perhaps no human eyes but mine  
Ere gazed upon thy lovely form.

The dew-drop glistens on thy leaf,  
As if thou seem'st to shed a tear;  
As if thou knew'st my tale of grief—  
Felt all my sufferings severe.

But, ah! thou know'st not my distress,  
In danger here from beasts of prey,  
And robbed of all I did possess,  
By men more fierce by far than they.

Nor canst thou ease my burdened sigh  
Nor cool the fever at my heart,  
Though to the zephyrs passing by  
Thou dost thy balmy sweets impart.

Yet He that formed thee, little plant,  
And bade thee flourish in this place,  
Who sees and feels my every want,  
Can still support me by His grace.

Oft has His arm, all strong to save,  
Protected my defenceless head,  
From ills I never could perceive,  
Nor could my feeble hand have stayed.

Then shall I still pursue my way  
O'er the wild desert's sun-burnt soil,  
To where the ocean's swelling spray  
Washes my longed-for, native isle.



## SUN-FLOWER, MARYGOLD, AND HELIOTROPE.

“ The Sun-flower does not derive its name, as some have supposed, from turning to the sun, but from the resemblance of the full-blown flower to the sun itself: Gerarde remarks, that he has seen four of these flowers on the same stem, pointing to the four cardinal points. This flower is a native of Mexico and Peru, and looks as if it grew from their own gold. It flowers from June to October.

“ The principal species of Sun-flower are—the Dwarf Annual, the Perennial, the Dark-red, and the Narrow-leaved.

“ Several of the Sun-flowers are natives of Canada, where they are much admired and cultivated by the inhabitants, in gardens, for their beauty: in the United States they sow whole acres of land with them, for the purpose of preparing oil from their seeds, of which they produce an immense number.

“ The Sun-flower was formerly called Marygold also, as the Marygold was termed Sun-flower. Gerarde styles it the Sun-Marygold.

“ In old authors, the name for the plant, which is now more strictly and properly designated the Marygold, is Golds, or Rudds.

Golds, or Gouldes, is a name given by the country people to a variety of yellow flowers; and the name of the Virgin Mary has been added to many plants which were anciently, for their beauty, named after Venus, of which the Marygold is one: Costmary, thé Virgin Mary's Costus, is another.

“ The Field Marygold is a native of most parts of Europe, and differs but little from the garden Marygold, except in being altogether smaller.

“ There are many varieties of the Garden Marygold; one of which, the Proliferous, called by Gerarde the Fruitful Marygold, is, as he says, ‘called by the vulgar sort of women, Jack-an-apes on horse-back.’ Although this species of Marygold is generally yellow, there is a variety with purple flowers.

“ Linnæus has observed that the Marygold is usually open from nine in the morning to three in the afternoon. This circumstance attracted early notice, and on this account the plant has been termed *Solisequa* (Sun-follower); and *Solis sponsa*, Spouse of the sun.

“ The Heliotrope is the same with the Turnsole, both names being derived from words which signify to turn with the sun.

“ The Sun-flower is of the class *Syngenesia*, and order *Polygamia Frustanea*; the Marygold of the same class, but of the order *Polygamia Necessaria*; and the Heliotrope of the class *Pentandria*, and order *Monogynia*.”

## SUN-FLOWER, &c.

As the sun-flower turns to her god, when she  
sets,

The same look which she turned when he rose.

MOORE.

AND Sun-flowers planting for their gilded show,  
That scale the window's lattice ere they blow,  
Then, sweet to habitants within the sheds,  
Peep through the diamond panes their golden  
heads.

CLARE.

WHAT yellow, lovely as the golden morn,  
The lupine and the heliotrope adorn !

ANON.

---

## THE HELIOTROPE.

ANON.

THERE is a flower whose modest eye  
Is turned with looks of light and love,  
Who breathes her softest, sweetest sigh,  
Whene'er the sun is bright above.

Let clouds obscure, or darkness veil,  
Her fond idolatry is fled ;  
Her sighs no more their sweets exhale,—  
The loving eye is cold and dead.

Canst thou not trace a moral here,  
False flatterer of the prosperous hour ?  
Let but an adverse cloud appear,  
And thou art faithless as the flower !

---

### THE SUN-FLOWER.

ANON.

REAL faith is like the *sun's* fair flower,  
Which midst the clouds that shroud it, and  
the winds  
That wave it to and fro, and all the change  
Of air and earth and sky, doth rear its head,  
And looketh up still stedfast to its God.

---

*The same.*—ANON.

Who can unpitying see the flowery race,  
Shed by the morn, their new-flushed bloom  
resign,  
Before the parching beam ? So fade the fair,  
When fevers revel through their azure veins.

BUT one, the lofty follower of the sun,  
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,  
Drooping all night, and, when he warm re-  
turns,

Points her enamoured bosom to his ray.

THOMSON.

---

### THE MARYGOLD.

ANON.

THE marygold, that goes to bed with the sun,  
And with him rises weeping.

---

*The same.*—WITHER.

WHEN with a serious musing I behold  
The grateful and obsequious marygold,  
How duly, every morning, she displays  
Her open breast when Phœbus spreads his  
rays ;

How she observes him in his daily walk,  
Still bending tow'ards him her small slender  
stalk ;

How, when he down declines, she droops and  
inourns,

Bedew'd, as 'twere with tears, till he returns;  
And how she veils her flowers when he is gone,  
As if she scorned to be looked upon  
By an inferior eye ; or did contemn  
To wait upon a meaner light than him :  
When this I meditate, methinks the flowers  
Have spirits far more generous than ours,  
And give us fair examples, to despise  
The servile fawnings and idolatries  
Wherewith we court these earthly things  
    below,  
Which merit not the service we bestow.  
But, O my God ! though grovelling I appear  
Upon the ground, and have a rooting here,  
Which hales me downward, yet in my desire  
To that which is above me I aspire :  
And all my best affections I profess  
To him that is the Sun of Righteousness.  
Oh ! keep the morning of his incarnation,  
The burning noontide of his bitter passion,  
The night of his descending, and the height  
Of his ascension,—ever in my sight ;  
That, imitating him in what I may,  
I never follow an inferior way.

## THE AMARANTH.

THE Amaranth, which is also called flower-gentle, and velvet-flower, derives its botanical name from a Greek word which signifies unfading.

Among the many species of Amaranth, the most beautiful are, the tree amaranth, and the long pendulous amaranth, with reddish coloured seeds, commonly called *Love lies a bleeding*. The origin of this name has not yet been discovered.

“Of the Globe Amaranth there are several varieties, white, purple, striped, &c. The purple resembles clover raised to an intense pitch of colour, and sprinkled with grains of gold. The flowers gathered when full grown, and dried in the shade, will preserve their beauty for years, particularly if they are not exposed to the sun. In Portugal and other warm countries, the churches are in winter adorned with the Globe Amaranth.

“The Cock’s-Comb Amaranth is a very showy and remarkable plant. The appellation was given it from the form of its crested head of flowers resembling the comb of a cock. Sometimes the heads are divided like a plume of feathers. It is said that in Japan these crests or heads of flowers are often a foot in

length and in breadth, and extremely beautiful. The colour of the scarlet varieties is highly brilliant.

“ The Amaranth is recommended, among other flowers, as a food for bees.—The poet Moore speaks of it as being employed to adorn the hair, a purpose for which it is peculiarly well adapted.

“ The Amaranths are chiefly natives of America, and very few are supposed to grow naturally in Europe ; yet Sir W. Jones speaks of them as if growing wild in Wales.



## THE AMARANTH.

By the streams that ever flow,  
By the fragrant winds that blow  
O'er the Elysian flow'rs ;  
By the fragrant winds that dwell  
In yellow meads of Asphodel,  
Or amaranthine bow'rs. POPE.

---

## POETICAL AMARANTH.

ANON.

IMMORTAL amaranth, a flower which once  
In paradise, fast by the tree of life,  
Began to bloom, but soon for man's offence  
To heaven removed, where first it grew, there  
grows  
And flowers aloft, shading the fount of life,  
And where the river of bliss through midst of  
heaven  
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream ;  
With these that never fade, the spirits elect  
Bind their resplendent locks enwreathed with  
beams ;  
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the  
bright  
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,  
Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.

## TO THE WILD AMARANTH.

ANON.

THE *rose*, that gave its perfume to the gale,  
And triumphed for an hour, in gay parade,  
Pride of Damascus, bright imperial flower,  
Was born to fade !

Shorn of its bloom, and rifled of its power,  
Scared by the blast, and scattered in the vale !

So youth shall wither, beauty pass away !  
The bloom of health, the flush of mantling pride !  
Nor wealth, nor skill, nor eloquence, can save,  
From swift decay !

Beauty and youth are dust, to dust allied,  
And time returns its tribute to the grave !

Pale, unobtrusive tenant of the field !  
Thy fair, unsullied form shall still remain,  
'Mid summer's heat and autumn's chill career,  
And winter's reign ;

E'en the first honours of the floral year  
To thee alone shall gay Narcissus yield.

Fair emblem art thou of the pious breast !  
Like thee, unfading flower, shall virtue bloom,  
When youth and all its bustling pride repose  
Deep in the tomb !

When beauty's cheek shall wither, like the rose,  
And beauty's sparkling eye shall be at rest.

*Fables of Flowers.*

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## THE TULIP AND THE MYRTLE.

LANGHORNE.

'Twas on the border of a stream  
A gaily painted tulip stood,  
And gilded by the morning beam,  
Survey'd her beauties in the flood.

And sure more beauties to behold,  
Might nothing meet the wistful eye,  
Than crimson fading into gold  
In streaks of fairest symmetry.

The beauteous flower with pride elate,  
(Ah me ! that pride in beauty dwells !)  
Vainly affects superior state,  
And thus in empty fancy swells :

“ O lustre of unrivalled bloom !  
Fair painting of a hand divine,  
Superior far to mortal doom,  
The hues of heaven alone are mine.

“ Away, ye worthless, formless race,  
Ye weeds that boast the name of flowers,  
No more my native bed disgrace,  
Unmeet for tribes so mean as yours.

And thou, dull, sullen evergreen,  
That dost my shining sphere invade,  
My noon-day beauties beam unseen,  
Obscure beneath thy dusky shade."

"Deluded flower!" the myrtle cries,  
"Shall we thy moment's bloom adore?  
The meanest shrub that you despise,  
The meanest flower has merit more.

"That daisy in its simple bloom,  
Shall last along the changing year,  
Blush on the snow of winter's gloom,  
And bid the smiling spring appear.

"The violet, who those banks beneath  
Hides from thy scorn its modest head,  
Shall fill the air with fragrant breath,  
When thou art in thy dusty bed.

"Ev'n I who boast no golden shade—  
Am of no shining tints possest,  
When low thy lucid form is laid,  
Shall bloom on many a lovely breast.

"And He, whose kind and fostering care,  
To thee, to me, our beings gave,  
Shall near his breast my flow'rets wear  
And walk regardless o'er thy grave.

“ Deluded flower ! thy friendly screen,  
That hides thee from the noon-tide ray,  
And mocks thy passion to be seen,  
Prolongs thy transitory day.

“ But kindly deeds by scorn repaid,  
No more by virtue need be done,  
I here withdraw my dusky shade,  
And yield thee to thy darling sun.”

Fierce on the flower the scorching beam  
With all its might of glory fell ;  
The flower exulting caught the gleam,  
And lent its leaves a bolder swell.

Expanded by the searching fire,  
The curling leaves the breast disclosed,  
The mantling bloom was painted higher,  
And every latent charm exposed.

But when the sun was sliding low,  
And ev'ning came with dews so cold,  
The wanton beauty ceas'd to blow,  
And sought its bended leaves to fold.

Those leaves, alas ! no more would close,—  
Relax'd, exhausted, sick'ning, pale,  
They left her to a parent's woes,  
And fled before the rising gale.

## THE PET PLANT.

ANON.

A FLORIST a sweet little blossom espied,  
Which bloom'd like its ancestors by the road-  
side ;  
Its colours were simple, its charms they were  
few,  
Yet the flower look'd fair on the spot where it  
grew ;—  
The florist beheld it, and cried “ I'll enchant  
The botanical world with this sweet little  
plant—  
Its leaves shall be sheltered and carefully  
nursed,  
It shall charm all the world though I met  
with it first.

Under a hedge.”

He carried it home to his hot-house with care,  
And he said, “ tho' the rarest exotics are  
there,  
My little pet plant, when I've nourish'd its  
stem,  
In tint and in fragrance shall imitate them ;  
Though none shall suspect from the road-side  
it came,



Rhodum Sidum, I'll call it, a beautiful name,  
When botanists look through their glasses and  
view  
Its beauties, they'll never suspect that it grew  
Under a hedge."

The little pet plant when it shook off the dirt  
Of its own native ditch, began to grow pert,  
And tossed its small head, for perceiving that  
none

But exotics were round it, it thought itself one ;  
As a field-flower all would have cried it was  
fair,

And praised it, through gaudier blossoms were  
there ;

But when it assumes hot-house airs we see  
through

The forced tint of its leaves, and suspect that  
it grew .

Under a hedge,

In the bye-ways of life, oh ! how many there  
are,

Who being born under some fortunate star,  
Assisted by talent or beauty, grow rich  
And bloom in a hot-house instead of a ditch !  
And while they disdain not their own simple  
stem,

The honours they grasp may gain honours for  
    them ;  
But when like the pet plant such people grow  
    pert,  
We soon trace them to their original dirt  
                    Under a hedge.

---

### FABLE OF THE WOOD-ROSE AND THE LAUREL.

ANON.

IN these deep shades a floweret blows,  
Whose leaves a thousand sweets disclose :  
With modest air it hides its charms,  
And every breeze its leaves alarms ;  
Turns on the ground its bashful eyes,  
And oft unknown, neglected dies.  
This flower, as late I careless strayed,  
I saw in all its charms arrayed.  
Fast by the spot where low it grew,  
A proud and flaunting Wood-Rose blew.  
With haughty air her head she raised,  
And on the beauteous plant she gazed.  
While struggling passion swelled her breast,  
She thus her kindling rage expressed :—

“ Thou worthless flower,  
Go leave my bower,”

And hide in humble scenes thy head :  
How dost thou dare,  
Where roses are,  
Thy scents to shed ?

Go leave my bower, and live unknown ;  
I'll rule the field of flowers alone."

.... "And dost thou think,"—the Laurel  
cried,  
And raised its head with modest pride,  
While on its little trembling tongue  
A drop of dew incumbent hung—

"And dost thou think I'll leave this bower,  
The seat of many a friendly flower,  
The scene where first I grew ?  
Thy haughty reign will soon be o'er,  
And thy frail form will bloom no more ;  
My flower will finish too.

But know, proud rose,  
When winter's snows  
Shall fall where once thy beauties stood,  
My pointed leaf of shining green,  
Will still amid the gloom be seen,  
To cheer the leafless wood."

"Presuming fool !" the Wood Rose cried,  
And strove in vain her shame to hide ;

But, ah ! no more the flower could say ;  
For, while she spoke, a transient breeze  
Came rustling through the neighbouring trees,  
And bore her boasted charms away.

And such, said I, is Beauty's power !  
Like thee she falls, poor trifling flower ;  
And, if she lives her little day,  
Life's winter comes with rapid pace,  
And robs her form of every grace,  
And steals her bloom away.

But in thy form, thou Laurel green,  
Fair Virtue's semblance soon is seen,  
In life she cheers each different stage,  
Spring's transient reign, and Summer's glow  
And Autumn mild, advancing slow,  
And lights the eye of age.

---

### THE HOT-HOUSE ROSE.

MRS. C. SMITH.

An early rose borne from her genial bower,  
Met the fond homage of admiring eyes,  
And while young Zephyr fann'd the lovely  
flower,  
Nature and Art contended for the prize.

Exulting Nature cried, " I made thee fair,  
Twas I that nurs'd thy tender buds with dew ;  
I gave thee fragrance to perfume the air,  
And stole from beauty's cheek her blushing  
hue,"

" Cease, goddess, cease," indignant Art re-  
plied,  
And ere you triumph, know that but for me,  
This beauteous object of our mutual pride  
Had been no other than a vulgar tree.

" I snatch'd her from her tardy mother's arms  
Where sunbeams scorch, and piercing tem-  
pests blow ;  
On my warm bosom nurs'd her infant charms,  
Prun'd the wild shoot, and train'd the strag-  
gling bough:

" I watch'd her tender buds, and from her  
shade  
Drew each intruding weed with anxious care,  
Nor let the curling blight her leaves invade,  
Nor worm nor noxious insect harbour there.

" At length the beauty's loveliest bloom ap-  
pears,  
And Art and Fame shall win the promis'd  
boon,

While wayward April, smiling through her  
tears,  
Decks her fair tresses with the wreaths of  
June.

“ Then jealous Nature, yield the palm to me,  
To me thy pride its early triumph owes ;  
Though *thy* rude workmanship produc'd the  
tree,  
'Twas *Education* form'd the perfect Rose.”

---

## THE STAR TURNED INTO A FLOWER.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

MONTGOMERY.

A STAR would be a flower ;  
So down from heaven it came,  
And, in a honeysuckle bower,  
Lit up its little flame.  
There on a bank, beneath the shade,  
By sprays, and leaves, and blossoms made,  
It overlook'd the garden-ground,  
—A landscape stretching ten yards round :  
O what a change of place  
From gazing through the eternity of space !

Gay plants on every side  
Unclosed their lovely blooms,  
And scatter'd far and wide  
Their ravishing perfumes :  
The butterfly, the bee,  
And many an insect on the wing,  
Full of the spirit of the spring,  
Flew round and round in endless glee,  
Alighting here, ascending there,  
Ranging and revelling everywhere.

Now all the flowers were up and drest  
In robes of rainbow colour'd light ;  
The pale primroses look'd their best,  
Peonies blush'd with all their might ;  
Dutch tulips from their beds  
Flaunted their stately heads ;  
Auriculas, like belles and beaux,  
Glittering with birthnight splendour rose ;  
And polyanthuses display'd  
The brilliance of their gold brocade :  
Here hyacinths of heavenly blue  
Shook their rich tresses to the morn,  
While rose-buds scarcely show'd their hue,  
But coyly linger'd on the thorn,  
Till their loved nightingale, who tarried long,  
Should wake them into beauty with his song.  
The violets were past their prime,

Yet their departing breath  
Was sweeter in the blast of death,  
Than all the lavish fragrance of the time.

Amidst this gorgeous train,  
Our truant star shone forth in vain ;  
Though in a wreath of periwinkle,  
Through whose fine gloom it strove to twinkle,  
It seem'd no bigger to the view  
Than the light spangle in a drop of dew.  
—Astronomers may shake their polls,  
And tell me,—every orb that rolls  
Through heaven's sublime expanse  
Is sun or world, whose speed and size  
Confound the stretch of mortal eyes,  
In Nature's mystic dance :  
It may be so  
For aught I know,  
Or aught indeed that they can show ;  
Yet till they prove what they aver,  
From this plain truth I will not stir,  
—A star's a star !—but when I think  
Of sun or world, the star I sink ;  
Wherefore in verse, at least in mine,  
Stars like themselves, in spite of fate, shall  
shine.

Now, to return (for we have wandered far,)  
To what was nothing but a simple star ;



—Where all was jollity around,  
No fellowship the stranger found.  
Those lowliest children of the earth,  
That never leave their mother's lap,  
Companions in their harmless mirth,  
Were smiling, blushing, dancing there,  
Feasting on dew, and light, and air,  
And fearing no mishap,  
Save from the hand of lady fair,  
Who, on her wonted walk,  
Pluck'd one and then another,  
A sister or a brother,  
From its elastic stalk ;  
Happy, no doubt, for one sharp pang, to die  
On her sweet bosom, withering in her eye.

Thus all day long that star's hard lot,  
While bliss and beauty ran to waste,  
Was but to witness on the spot  
Beauty and bliss it could not taste.  
At length the sun went down, and then  
Its faded glory came again,  
With brighter, bolder, purer light,  
It kindled through the deepening night,  
Till the green bower, so dim by day,  
Glow'd like a fairy-palace with its beams ;  
In vain, for sleep on all the borders lay,

The flowers were laughing in the land of  
dreams,

Our star, in melancholy state,  
Still sigh'd to find itself alone,  
Neglected, cold, and desolate,  
Unknowing and unknown.

Lifting at last an anxious eye,  
It saw that circlet empty in the sky,  
Where it was wont to roll  
Within a hairbreadth of the pole :  
In that same instant sore amazed,  
On the strange blank all Nature gazed ;  
Travellers, bewilder'd for their guide,  
In glens and forests lost their way ;  
And ships, on ocean's trackless tide,  
Went fearfully astray.

The star now wiser for its folly, knew  
Its duty, dignity, and bliss at home ;  
So up to heaven again it flew,  
Resolved no more to roam.

One hint the humble bard may send  
To her for whom these lines are penn'd ;  
O may it be enough for her  
To shine in her own character !  
O may she be content to grace,  
On earth, in heaven, her proper place !

**Dial of Flowers.**

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## DIAL OF FLOWERS.

CERTAIN plants possess the remarkable property of opening and shutting their flowers at particular seasons. Some, for example, open them all day, while others expand them only in the evening. There are likewise noctiflorous plants, which close their flowers in the morning.

In the above cases the degree of heat might be alleged as the exciting cause of the expansion of flowers : but this will not hold good with regard to other vegetables, which open and shut their blooms at stated hours of the day, or at certain distances of time before change of weather. In these latter cases we must look for some other cause of the phenomenon, perhaps to some electrical changes in the state of the atmosphere.

Linnæus has enumerated forty-six flowers which possess this kind of sensibility : he divides them into three classes. 1. Meteoric Flowers, which less accurately observe the hour of folding, but are expanded sooner or later according to the cloudiness, moisture, or pressure of the atmosphere. 2. Tropical Flowers, that open in the morning and close before evening every day, but the hour of their expanding becomes earlier or later as the length of the day increases or decreases.

3. Equinoctial Flowers, which open at a certain and exact hour of the day, and for the most part close at another determinate hour.

The following are a few of the most striking of these equinoctial flowers :—

Goatsbeard.—The flowers of both species of *Tragopogon* open in the morning at the approach of the Sun, and without regard to the state of the weather regularly shut about noon. Hence it is generally known in the country by the name of *Go to Bed at Noon*.

The Princesses' Leaf, or Four o'Clock Flower, in the Malay Islands, is an elegant shrub so called by the natives, because their ladies are fond of the grateful odour of its white leaves. It takes its generic name from its quality of opening its flowers at four in the evening, and not closing them in the morning till the same hour returns, when they again expand in the evening at the same hour. Many people transplant them from the woods into their gardens, and use them as a dial or a clock, especially in cloudy weather.

The Evening Primrose is well known from its remarkable properties of regularly shutting with a loud popping noise, about sunset in the evening, and opening at sunrise in the morning. After six o'clock, these flowers regularly report the approach of night.

## THE DIAL OF FLOWERS.\*

MRS. HEMANS.

TWAS a lovely thought to mark the hours  
As they floated in light away,  
By the opening and the folding flowers  
That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,  
And its graceful cup or bell,  
In whose colour'd vase might sleep the dew,  
Like a pearl in an ocean-shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flow'd  
In a golden current on,  
Ere from the garden, man's first abode,  
The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly told—  
Those days of song and dreams—  
When shepherds gather'd their flocks of old,  
By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight, that rest  
Far off in a breezeless main,

\* This dial is said to have been formed by Linnaeus. It marked the hours by the opening and closing at regular intervals, of the flowers arranged in it.

Which many a bark with a weary guest,  
Hath sought but still in vain.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,  
Mark'd thus— even thus—on earth,  
By the closing of one hope's delight,  
And another's gentle birth ?

Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower,  
Shutting in turn, may leave  
A lingerer still for the sun-set hour,  
A charm for the shaded eve.

---

### ON FLORA'S HOROLOGE.

C. SMITH.

IN every copse and sheltered dell,  
Unveiled to the observant eye,  
Are faithful monitors, who tell  
How pass the hours and seasons by.

The greenrobed children of the Spring  
Will mark the periods as they pass,  
Mingle with leaves Time's feathered wing,  
And bind with flowers his silent glass.

Mark where transparent waters glide,  
Soft flowing o'er their tranquil bed ;  
There, cradled on the dimpling tide,  
Nymphæa rests her lovely head.



But conscious of the earliest beam,  
She rises from her humid nest,  
And sees reflected in the stream  
The virgin whiteness of her breast,

Till the bright Daystar to the west  
Declines, in Ocean's surge to lave ;  
Then, folded in her modest vest,  
She slumbers on the rocking wave.

See Hieracium's various tribe,  
Of plummy seed and radiate flowers,  
The course of Time their blooms describe,  
And wake or sleep appointed hours.

Broad o'er its imbricated cup  
The Goatsbeard spreads its golden rays,  
But shuts its cautious petals up,  
Retreating from the noontide blaze.

Pale as a pensive cloistered nun,  
The Bethlem Star her face unveils,  
When o'er the mountain peers the Sun,  
But shades it from the vesper gales.

Among the loose and arid sands  
The humble Arenaria creeps ;  
Slowly the Purple Star expands,  
But soon within its calyx sleeps.

And those small bells so lightly rayed  
With young Aurora's rosy hue,  
Are to the noontide Sun displayed,  
But shut their plaits against the dew.

On upland slopes the shepherds mark  
The hour, when, as the dial true,  
Cichorium to the towering Lark  
Lifts her soft eyes serenely blue.

And thou, "Wee crimson tipped flower,"  
Gatherest thy fringed mantle round  
Thy bosom, at the closing hour,  
When nightdrops bathe the turfy ground.

Unlike Silene, who declines  
The garish noontide's blazing light;  
But when the evening crescent shines,  
Gives all her sweetness to the night.

Thus in each flower and simple bell,  
That in our path betrod den lie,  
Are sweet remembrancers who tell  
How fast their winged moments fly.

## **Dirge of Flowers.**

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## DIRGE OF FLOWERS.

ANON.

BRING Flowers to the captive's lonely cell,  
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell,  
Of the free blue streams and the glowing sky,  
And the bright world shut from his languid  
eye ;

They will bear him a thought of the sunny  
hours,

And a dream of his youth—bring flowers,  
wild flowers.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to  
wear,

They were born to blush on her shining hair ;  
She is leaving the home of her childish mirth,  
She has bid farewell to her father's hearth,  
Her place is now by another's side ;

Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young  
bride.

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to  
shed,

A crown for the brow of the early dead.

For this thro' its leaves has the white rose  
burst,  
For this in the woods was the violet nurst,  
Though they smile in vain for what once was  
ours,  
They are love's *last* gift—bring flowers, pale  
flowers.  
Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in  
prayer,  
They are nature's off'ring—their place is  
there;  
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,  
With the voice of promise they come and part,  
They sleep in dust thro' the wintry hours,  
Then break forth in glory,—bring flowers,  
bright flowers.

---

## AUTUMN FLOWERS.

STRICKLAND.

FLOWERS of the closing year !  
Ye bloom amidst decay,  
And come like friends sincere,  
When wintry storms appear,  
And all have passed away  
That clothed gay spring's luxuriant bowers,  
With garlands meet for sunny hours.

When rose and lily fade,  
And later amaranths fail,  
And leaves in grove and glade  
Assume a russet shade,  
And shiver in the gale,  
Or withering strew the chilly plain  
With blighted hopes of summer's reign ;—

'Tis then, when sternly lours,  
O'er nature's changing face,  
Dark clouds and drifting showers,  
Ye come, ye come, sweet flowers !  
With meek and touching grace ;  
And o'er the parting season's wing,  
A wreath of lingering beauty fling.

The hare-bell, bright and blue,  
That loves the dingle wild,  
In whose cerulean hue,  
Heaven's own blest tint we view,  
On days serene and mild ;  
How beauteous, like an azure gem,  
She droopeth from her graceful stem !

The foxglove's purple bell,  
On bank and upland plain ;  
The scarlet pimpernel,  
And daisy in the dell,  
That kindly blooms again,

When all her sisters of the spring  
On earth's cold lap are withering.

The bine-weed, pure and pale,  
That sues to all for aid ;  
And when rude storms assail,  
Her snowy virgin veil  
Doth, like some timid maid,  
In conscious weakness most secure,  
Unscathed its sternest shocks endure.

How fair her pendant wreath  
O'er bush and brake is twining !  
While meekly there beneath,  
Mid fern and blossomed heath,  
Her lowlier sisters shining,  
Tinged with the blended hues that streak  
A slumbering infant's tender cheek.

And there Vinnia\* weaves  
Her light and feathery bowers,  
Mid russet-shaded leaves,  
Where robin sits and grieves  
Your hasting death, sweet flowers !  
He sings your requiem all the day,  
And mourns because ye pass away.

\* Traveller's joy.



## THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

BRYANT.

THE melancholy days are come,  
the saddest of the year,  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,  
and meadows brown and sere.  
Heap'd in the hollows of the grove,  
the wither'd leaves lie dead ;  
They rustle to the eddying gust,  
and to the rabbit's tread.  
The robin and the wren are flown,  
and from the shrub the jay,  
And from the wood-top calls the crow,  
through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,  
that lately sprung and stood  
In brighter light and softer airs,  
A beauteous sisterhood ?  
Alas ! they all are in their graves,  
the gentle race of flowers  
Are lying in their lowly beds,  
with the fair and good of ours.  
The rain is falling where they lie ;  
but the cold November rain  
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth,  
the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet,  
they perish'd long ago,  
And the wild-rose and the orchis died  
amid the summer glow ;  
But on the hill the golden-rod,  
and the aster in the wood,  
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook  
in autumn beauty stood,  
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven,  
as falls the plague on men,  
And the brightness of their smile was gone  
from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day,  
as still such days will come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee  
from out their winter home,  
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,  
though all the trees are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light  
the waters of the rill,  
The south wind searches for the flowers  
whose fragrance late he bore,  
And sighs to find them in the wood  
and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in  
her youthful beauty died,

The fair, meek blossom that grew up  
and faded by my side :  
In the cold moist earth we laid her when  
the forest cast the leaf,  
And we wept that one so lovely  
should have a life so brief ;  
Yet not unmeet it was, that one,  
like that young friend of ours,  
So gentle and so beautiful,  
should perish with the flowers.

---

## TO BLOSSOMS.

HERRICK.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,  
Why do ye fall so fast ?  
Your date is not so past,  
But you may stay here yet awhile,  
To blush and gently smile,  
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be  
An hour or half's delight,  
And so to bid good-night ?  
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth  
Merely to show your worth,  
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we  
May read how soon things have  
Their end, though ne'er so brave :  
And after they have shown their pride,  
Like you, a while, they glide  
Into the grave.

---

## DAFFODILS.

HERRICK.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon ;  
As yet the early-rising sun  
Has not attained his noon :

Stay, stay,  
Until the hast'ning day  
Has run

But to the even-song ;  
And, having prayed together, we  
Will go with you along !

We have short time to stay, as you ;  
We have as short a spring,  
As quick a growth to meet decay,  
As you, or any thing :  
We die  
As your hours do ; and dry

Away  
Like to the summer's rain,  
Or, as the pearls of morning dew,  
Ne'er to be found again.

---

## LAST FLOWERS.

ANON.

THOSE few pale Autumn flowers !  
How beautiful they are !  
Than all that went before,  
Than all the summer store,  
How lovelier far !

And why ?—They are the *last*—  
The last !—the last !—the last !  
O, by that little word,  
How many thoughts are stirr'd !  
That sister of the past !

Pale flowers !—Pale perishing flowers !  
Ye're types of precious things !  
Types of those bitter moments,  
That flit like life's enjoyments,  
On rapid, rapid wings.

Last hours with parting dear ones  
(That time the fastest spends),

Last tears, in silence shed,  
Last words, half uttered,  
Last looks of dying friends !

Who but would fain compress  
A life into a day ;  
The last day spent with one,  
Who, ere the morrow's sun,  
Must leave us, and for aye ?

O, precious, precious, moments !  
Pale flowers ! ye're types of those—  
The saddest ! sweetest ! dearest !  
Because, like those, the nearest  
Is an eternal close.

Pale flowers !—Pale perishing flowers !  
I woo your gentle breath ;  
I leave the summer rose  
For younger, blither brows ;  
Tell me of change and death !

---

*The same.*—MISS BOWLES.

How happily, how happily the flowers die  
away !  
Oh, could we but return to earth as easily as  
they !

Just live a life of sunshine, of innocence and  
bloom,  
Then drop without decrepitude, or pain, into  
the tomb !

The gay and glorious creatures ! they neither  
“ toil nor spin ; ”  
Yet, lo ! what goodly raiment they're all ap-  
parelled in ;  
No tears are on their beauty, but dewy gems  
more bright  
Than ever brow of eastern queen endiadem'd  
with light.

The young rejoicing creatures ! their pleasures  
never pall ;  
Nor lose in sweet contentment, because so  
free to all !—  
The dew, the showers, the sunshine, the balmy,  
blessed air,  
Spend nothing of their freshness, though all  
may freely share.

The happy careless creatures ! of time they  
take no heed ;  
Nor weary of his creeping, nor tremble at his  
speed ;

Nor sigh with sick impatience, and wish the  
light away ;  
Nor when 'tis gone, cry dolefully, " would  
God that it were day ! "

And when their lives are over, they drop  
away to rest,  
Unconscious of the penal doom, on holy Na-  
ture's breast ;  
No pain have they in dying—no shrinking  
from decay—  
Oh ! could we but return to earth as easily as  
they !

---

### THE FLOWER THAT FEELS NOT SPRING.

MRS. HEMANS.

From the prisons dark of the circling bark  
The leaves of tenderest green are glancing,  
They gambol on high in the bright blue sky,  
Fondly with Spring's young zephyrs dancing,  
While music, and joy, and jubilee gush  
From the lark and linnet, the blackbird and  
thrush.



The butterfly springs on its new-wove wings,  
The dormouse starts from his wintry sleeping ;

The flowers of earth find a second birth,  
To light and life from the darkness leaping :  
The roses and tulips will soon resume  
Their youth's first perfume and primitive bloom.

What renders me sad, when all nature glad  
The heart of each living creature cheers ?  
I laid in the bosom of earth a blossom,  
And water'd its bed with a father's tears—  
But the grave has no spring, and I still deplore  
That the floweret I planted comes up no more !

That eye whose soft blue, of the firmament's  
hue,

Express'd all holy and heavenly things,—  
Those ringlets bright, which scatter'd a light,  
Such as angels shake from their sunny  
wings,—

That cheek in whose freshness my heart had  
trust—

All—all have perish'd—my daughter is dust !

Yet the blaze sublime of thy virtue's prime  
Still gilds my tears and a balm supplies,  
As the matin ray of the god of day  
Brightens the dew which at last it dries :—

Yes, Fanny, I cannot regret thy clay,  
When I think where thy spirit has wing'd its  
way.

So wither we all—so flourish and fall,  
Like the flowers and weeds that in church-  
yards wave ;  
Our leaves we spread over comrades dead,  
And blossom and bloom with our root in  
the grave :—  
Springing from earth, into earth we are thrust,  
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust !.

If death's worst smart is to feel that we part  
From those whom we love and shall see no  
more,  
It softens his sting to know that we wing  
Our flight to the friends who have gone  
before.  
And the grave is a boon and a blessing to me,  
If it waft me, O Fanny, my daughter, to thee !

---

## THE SPRING FLOWER.

WEIR.

A LOVELY flower, at morning hour,  
Bloom'd sweetly on its parent stem :

But ere the day had died away,

I saw no more the beauteous gem.

Yet it had promis'd fair to view,

For 'midst the storms its branches grew ;

It was the earliest flower of spring,

The first of all its blossoming;

But now untimely nipt it lies,

Its every promise lost for ever ;

And all the dew-drops from the skies

May fall—but can revive it never.

Thus have I seen a flower as fair,

A doating parent's only joy,

Bud forth, when storms were beating there,

And wither in a milder sky.

She withered—but unlike the flower

Which hears no more the voice of spring,

And never decks again the bower,

Which saw its early blossoming.

For when on earth she fades and dies,

She blooms afresh in Paradise ;

A bud transplanted from our soil,

To live beside those living streams,

Which ever and for ever smile

Beneath those uncreated beams,

Whose blessed light and ceaseless ray,

Make heaven's eternal summer-day.

## LINES;

BY THE REV. DR. BOOKER,

WRITTEN ON PLACING A LILY OF THE VALLEY  
IN THE DEAD HAND OF A LOVELY CHILD,  
WHILE LYING IN HER COFFIN.

Thou sleeping innocent ! to thee I bring  
This purest offspring of the new-born spring !  
While to thy spirit by thy God is given  
A palm of glory, in the realms of heaven.

---

## THE WORM AND THE FLOWERS.

MONTGOMERY.

You're spinning for my lady, worm !  
Silk garments for the fair ;  
You're spinning rainbows for a form  
More beautiful than air,  
When air is bright with sunbeams,  
And morning mists arise,  
From woody vales and mountain-streams,  
To blue autumnal skies.

You're training for my lady, flower !  
You're opening for my love ;

The glory of her summer bower,  
While skylarks soar above.  
Go, twine her locks with rose-buds,  
Or breathe upon her breast,  
While zephyrs curl the water-floods,  
And rock the halcyon's nest.

But oh ! there is another worm  
Ere long will visit her,  
And revel on her lovely form  
In the dark sepulchre :  
Yet from that sepulchre shall spring  
A flower as sweet as this ;  
Hard by, the nightingale shall sing,  
Soft winds its petals kiss.

Frail emblems of frail beauty, ye !  
In beauty who would trust ?  
Since all that charms the eye must be  
Consign'd to worms and dust :  
Yet, like the flower that decks her tomb,  
Her spirit shall quit the clod,  
And, shine, in amaranthine bloom,  
Fast by the throne of God.

## FADING FLOWERS.

C. WESLEY.

THE morning flowers display their sweets,  
And gay their silken leaves unfold,  
As careless of the noontide heats,  
As fearless of the evening cold.

Nipt by the wind's untimely blast,  
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,  
The momentary glories waste,  
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

So blooms the human face divine,  
When youth its pride of beauty shows ;  
Fairer than spring the colours shine,  
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

Or worn by slowly rolling years,  
Or broke by sickness in a day,  
The fading glory disappears,  
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

Yet these new-rising from the tomb,  
With lustre brighter far shall shine,  
Revive with ever-during bloom,  
Safe from diseases and decline.

Let sickness blast, let death devour,  
If heaven but recompense our pains !  
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,  
If firm the word of God remains !

**Additional and Concluding Pieces.**

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## THE FLOWER SPIRIT.

ANON.

I AM the spirit that dwells in the flower ;  
Mine is the exquisite music that flies,  
When silence and moonlight reign over each  
bower,

That blooms in the glory of tropical skies.  
I woo the bird with his melody glowing  
To leap in the sunshine, and warble its strain,  
And mine is the odor, in turn, that bestowing,  
The songster is paid for his music again.

There dwells no sorrow where I am abiding ;  
Care is a stranger, and troubles us not ;  
And the winds, as they pass, when too hastily  
riding,

I woo, and they tenderly glide o'er the spot.  
They pause, and we glow in their rugged em-  
braces,

They drink our warm breath, rich with  
odour and song,  
Then hurry away to their desolate places,  
And look for us hourly, and think of us long.

Who of the dull earth that's moving around us,  
Would ever imagine, that, nursed in a rose,  
At the opening of spring, our destiny found us  
A prisoner until the first bud should uncloze ;  
Then, as the dawn of light breaks upon us,  
Our winglets of silk we unfold to the air,  
And leap off in joy to the music that won us,  
And made us the tenants of climates so fair !

---

### THE CHILD AND FLOWERS.

MRS. HEMANS.

HAST thou been in the woods with the honey-  
bee ?  
Hast thou been with the lamb in the pastures  
free ?  
With the hare through the copses and dingles  
wild ?  
With the butterfly over the heath, fair child ?  
Yes ; the light form of thy bounding feet  
Hath not startled the wren from her mossy  
seat ;  
Yet hast thou ranged the green forest dells,  
And brought back a treasure of buds and bells.  
Thou know'st not the sweetness, by antique  
song,  
Breathed o'er the names of that flowery throng ;

The woodbine. the primrose, the violets dim;  
The lily that gleams by the fountain's brim :  
These are old words, that have made each grove  
A dreary haunt for romance and love ;  
Each sunny bank, where faint odours lie,  
A place for the gushings of poesy.

Thou know'st not the light wherewith fairy lore  
Sprinkles the turf and the daisies o'er ;  
Enough for thee are the dews that sleep  
Like hidden gems in the flower-urns deep :  
Enough the rich crimson spots that dwell  
'Midst the gold of the cowslip's golden cell ;  
And the scent by the blossoming sweetbriars  
shed,  
And the beauty that bows the wood-hyacinth's  
head.

O, happy child in thy fawn-like glee !  
What is remembrance or thought to thee ?  
Fill thy bright locks with those gifts of spring,  
O'er thy green pathway their colours fling ;  
Bind them in chaplet and wild festoon ;  
What if to droop and to perish soon ?  
Nature hath mines of such wealth ; and thou  
Never wilt prize its delights as now !

For a day is coming to quell the tone  
That rings in thy laughter, thou joyous one !

And to dim thy brow with a touch of care,  
Under the gloss of its clustering hair ;  
And to tame the flash of thy cloudless eyes,  
Into the stillness of autumn skies ;  
And to teach thee that grief hath her needful  
part,  
'Midst the hidden things of each human heart !  
Yet shall we mourn, gentle child ! for this ?  
Life hath enough of yet holier bliss !  
Such be thy portion ! the bliss to look,  
With a reverent spirit, through Nature's book ;  
By fount, by forest, by river's line,  
To track the paths of a love divine ;  
To read its deep meanings—to see and hear  
God in earth's garden—and not to fear.

---

TO COWSLIPS, VIOLETS, AND  
DAISIES.

CLARE.

BOWING adorers of the gale,  
Ye cowslips delicately pale,  
Upraise your loaded stems ;  
Unfold your cups in splendour, speak !  
Who decked you with that ruddy streak,  
And gilt your golden gems ?

Violets, sweet tenants of the shade,  
In purple's richest pride arrayed,  
Your errand here fulfil ;  
Go bid the artist's simple stain  
Your lustre imitate, in vain,  
And match your Maker's skill.

Daisies, ye flowers of lowly birth,  
Embroiderers of the carpet earth,  
That stud the velvet sod ;  
Open to spring's refreshing air,  
In sweetest smiling bloom declare  
Your Maker, and my God.

---

## TO A SPRIG OF MIGNONETTE.

BARTON.

THE ling'ring perfume of thy flow'r,  
Its dying fragrance, sadly sweet,  
Though faint to that of Summer's bower,  
It still is soothing thus to greet.

The gusty winds, the dark'ning cloud,  
The chilly mists, and rain, and dews,  
And drifted leaves which half enshroud  
Thy beauties,—all delight my Muse.

And boast a charm that far outvies  
The grace of summer's proudest day,

When varied blooms of richer dyes  
Unfolded to the sun's warm ray.

To me thy yet surviving bloom  
And ling'ring sweetness can recall  
Hearts which, unchilled by gath'ring gloom,  
Can meekly *live* and *love* through all.

From such, in seasons dark and drear,  
Immortal hopes of noblest worth,  
Feelings and thoughts to virtue dear,  
Gush like the dying fragrance forth,

And fling a holier charm around  
Than prosp'rous hours could ever know ;  
For Rapture's smile less fair is found  
Than that which Patience lends to Woe !

---

### THE HERB BRYONY.

ANON.

SOME flowers there are, with potent charm,  
Which seek not the protecting arm  
Or fence of trees above ;  
Like those proud hearts, whose dauntless mien  
No kindred breast on which to lean,  
Asks,—nor exchange of love.

But I,—a frail and fragile thing,  
Prone to each earthly help to cling,  
Those failing,—sink beside ;  
Though once the stem in pride erect,  
With all the buds of Hope bedeck'd,  
With fairer rivals vied.

Yet, shall I shrink from that blest hand,  
Whose pruning knife the creature band  
Severs,—though deep the wound ?  
In mercy doth he purge the tree,  
That fruit acceptable may be  
Upon its branches found !

And should'st thou, Lord ! the props remove,  
To which the tendrils of its love  
Would still too fondly cling,  
Oh ! twine them round that stedfast rock,  
Where never storm, nor earthquake's shock  
Shall mar its blossoming.

---

## THE RHODODENDRON ON THE ALPS.

MARY HOWITT.

AND is it here, that sunny flower  
that decks our gardens so !  
And can it brave the mountain storm,  
where the oak cannot grow ?

It glads me on our frozen way,  
amid the alpine gloom,  
Amid the glaciers and the snow  
to see its crimson bloom.  
We left the sunny vales below,  
the happy flocks and kine,  
The peasant in his blessed home,  
the laurel and the vine :  
We traversed then the mountain-pass,  
and up the rocky way,  
More wearily, more painfully,  
as nearer closed the day.

We saw the moon look on the Alps  
that seemed to hem us round,  
In the cold light the glacier shone,  
above the avalanche frowned ;  
We saw the sun rise, and the east,  
barred with its crimson streaks,  
Ruddied the glaciers, and Mont Blanc  
glowed with its splintered peaks :  
'Twas not like earth,—a fairy world  
such splendours might unfold,  
Glimmered and shone, like diamond walls,  
the glaciated mountains cold.

The sun rose higher—the splendours died—  
dim clouds the mountains crowned,



And sounds of waters and of storms  
were rushing eddying round ;  
Blackness was in the mountain holds,  
and loud the storm-winds roared ;  
Fiercely from icy ledge to ledge  
the boiling torrents poured :  
Anon, as by a mighty arm,  
the tempest-rage was stayed.—  
A moment, and the darkness hung  
at distance like a shade ;  
The whirling clouds below our path  
like boiling waves did lie ;  
Again the snowy splintered peaks  
seemed piercing the clear sky.  
Onward and upward still we went,  
a desolate, dreary way ;  
Shepherd, nor alpine goat we saw,  
nor chamois through that day :  
We left the oak, the pine, and man  
below us many a steep,—  
And canst thou here, thou sunny flower,  
thy frozen station keep ?  
Little we deemed, when at our home  
we cultured thee with care,  
To meet thee in this mountain land,  
amid this desert air.  
I thank thee that I meet thee thus,  
like kind words 'mid neglect—

A treeless, alpine solitude  
by ruby blossoms decked ;  
I'll culture thee 'neath milder skies,  
and in a kindlier soil,  
For memories thou hast waked to-day,  
for rest amid our toil.  
Bloom on, and be to pilgrims still  
a banner, joy unfurled,  
And memory of thee shall supply  
hope in a cheerless world.

---

### THE NIGHTINGALE FLOWER.

ANON.

FAIR flower of silent night !  
Unto thy bard an emblem thou shouldst be :  
His fount of song, in hours of garish light,  
Is closed like thee.  
But, with the vesper hour,  
Silence and solitude its depths unseal :  
Its hidden springs, like thy unfolding flower,  
Their life reveal.  
Were it not sweeter still  
To give imagination holier scope,  
And deem that thus the future may fulfil  
A loftier hope ?

That, as thy lovely bloom  
Sheds round its perfume at the close of day,  
With beauty sweeter from surrounding gloom,  
A star-like ray :—

So in life's last decline,  
When the grave's shadows are around me  
cast,  
My spirit's hopes may like thy blossoms shine  
Bright at the last ;

And, as the grateful scent  
Of thy meek flower, the memory of my name !  
Oh ! who could wish for prouder monument,  
Or purer fame ?

The darkness of the grave  
Would wear no gloom appalling to the sight,  
Might Hope's fair blossom, like thy flow'ret,  
brave  
Death's wintry night.

Knowing the dawn drew nigh  
Of an eternal, though a sunless day,  
Whose glorious flowers must bloom immortally,  
Nor fear decay !

## THE STRAWBERRY BLOSSOM.

WORDSWORTH.

THAT is a work of waste and ruin—  
Do as Charles and I are doing !  
Strawberry blossoms, one and all,  
We must spare them—here are many :  
Look at it—the flower is small,  
Small and low, though fair as any :  
Do not touch it ! summers two  
I am older, Anne, than you.

Pull the primrose, sister Anne,  
Pull as many as you can.  
—Here are daisies, take your fill ;  
Pansies, and the cuckoo-flower :  
Of the lofty daffodil  
Make your bed and make your bower ;  
Fill your lap and fill your bosom ;  
Only spare the strawberry blossom !

Primroses, the spring may love them—  
Summer knows but little of them.  
Violets, a barren kind,  
Withered on the ground must lie ;  
Daisies leave no fruit behind  
When the pretty flowerets die ;  
Pluck them, and another year  
As many will be growing here.

God has given a kindlier power  
To the favor'd strawberry-flower.  
When the months of spring are fled,  
Hither let us bend our walk ;  
Lurking berries, ripe and red,  
Then will hang on every stalk,  
Each within its leafy bower ;  
And for that promise, spare the flower.

---

LINES SUGGESTED BY RECEIVING A FLOWER  
WHICH GREW ON MOUNT TABOR.

“ Fair stranger-flower—with crimson gem,  
And leaf so soft, and downy stem—  
O tell me in what foreign land  
Did those bright petals first expand ?  
When didst thou feel the cooling gale,  
And when the welcome sunbeam hail ?”

“ Mortal ! 'neath sunny skies I grew,  
And I have drunk heav'ns holiest dew—  
The very air breath'd pure around,  
And softly fann'd the holy ground.  
O know'st thou where the incarnate God  
Once in His unveil'd glory trod ?  
When, though He sojourn'd still with men,  
Heaven's splendour round Him shone again.

Prophets, apostles, all are gone—  
Nought tells thee where the glory shone.  
Raise thy sublimest thoughts, and still  
They love to rest on Tabor's hill.  
Tabor ! the very sound will bring  
Such theme as angels love to sing.  
Tabor ! the blest Redeemer there  
Spoke of the cross He soon would bear ;  
Yet glory from the eternal throne  
Shone round Him there—all, all his own."

" Fair flower ! thy wondrous tale I love,  
For angels listen from above—  
And did'st thou deck the very sod  
Where my incarnate Saviour trod ?  
O tell me more, thou amaranth flower—  
More of His wisdom, love, and power ;  
O tell me is that land most fair—  
Are all the flowers unfading there ?  
And if a mortal tread that hill,  
Will not each thought soar heav'n-ward still ?  
Will he not feel celestial birth,  
All wing'd for heaven, and loos'd from earth ?"

" Christian ! the glory's all past by  
That beam'd on Tabor wondrously—  
The sounds miraculous are still,  
And earthly winds breathe round the hill ;

Know'st thou where brighter radiance gleam'd  
Than e'er 'mid Sinai's darkness beam'd ?  
O dream not holier thoughts would rise  
Neath *Eastern* than 'neath *Western* skies,  
But triumph in thy blessed lot—  
Thou canst not be where God is not ;  
Yet if at sight of me there wake  
A strain of praise for Jesu's sake ;  
O if I guide one thought of thine  
To scenes of heaven and things divine,  
I graced not Tabor's hill in vain,  
Nor vainly cross'd the surging main.

“ And, Christian! *every* flower that blows  
May tell thee of thy Saviour's love—  
The bird that sings, the star that glows,  
May lift thine eye and faith above.

“ And when earth's amaranth flowers are fled,  
May deathless charms for thee remain ;  
When my *unfading* leaves are *dead*,  
Thou shalt eternal bloom retain.

“ Yes!—perish all beneath the sky ;  
Eternal life thy God will give—  
I bloom'd on Tabor's mount to die ;  
Rise thou on Zion's hill to live.”

## THE WATER-LILY.

ANON.

Oh, beautiful thou art,  
Thou sculpture-like and stately River-Queen !  
Crowning the depths, as with the light serene  
Of a pure heart.

Bright Lily of the wave !  
Rising in fearless grace with every swell,  
Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave  
Dwelt in thy cell :

Lifting alike thy head,  
Of placid beauty, feminine yet free,  
Whether with foam or pictured azure spread  
The waters be.

What is like thee, fair flower,  
The gentle and the firm ? thus bearing up  
To the blue sky that alabaster cup,  
As to the shower ?

Oh ! Love is most like thee,  
The love of Woman ; quivering to the blast  
Through every nerve, yet rooted deep and fast,  
'Midst Life's dark sea.

And Faith—oh ! is not Faith  
Like thee, too, Lily ? springing into light,



Still buoyantly, above the billows' might,  
Through the storm's breath?

Yes, link'd with such high thoughts,  
Flower, let thine image in my bosom lie !  
'Till something there of its own purity  
And peace be wrought.

Something yet more divine  
Than the clear, pearly, virgin lustre shed  
Forth from thy breast upon the river's bed,  
As from a shrine.

---

## THE SNOW-DROP'S CALL.

MISS E. EMRA.

Who else is coming ?—There's sunshine here !  
Ye would strew the way for the infant year :  
The frost-winds blow on the barren hill,  
And icicles hang in the quarry still ;  
But sunny, and shelter'd, and safe, are we,  
In the moss at the foot of the sycamore tree.

Are ye not coming ? the first birds sing ;  
They call to her bowers the lingering Spring ;  
And, afar to his home near the north pole-star,  
Old Winter is gone in his snow-clad car ;  
And the storms are past, and the sky is clear,  
And we are alone, sweet sisters ! here.

Will ye not follow? Ye safe shall be  
In the green moss under the sycamore tree.  
And, oh! there is health in the clear, cold  
breeze,  
And a sound of joy in the leafless trees;  
And the sun is pale, yet his pleasant gleam  
Has waken'd the earth, and unchain'd the  
stream;  
And the soft west-wind, oh, it gently blows!  
Hasten to follow, pale lady Primrose!  
And Hyacinth graceful and Crocus gay,  
For we have not met this many a day.  
Follow us, follow us! follow us then,  
All ye whose home is in grove or glen.  
Why do ye linger? Who else is coming,  
Now Spring is awake with the wild bees'  
humming?

---

### THE FAIREST FLOWER.

ANON.

HUMILITY, the fairest, loveliest flower  
That bloom'd in Paradise, and the first that  
died—  
Has scarcely blossom'd since in mortal soil;  
It is so frail, so delicate a thing,  
That if it look upon itself, it's gone;  
And he who ventures to esteem it his,  
Shows by that single thought he has it not.

## FLOWERS.

ANON.

I LOVE ye flowers, sweet flowers, whose tale  
Is not of earth's degrading toil ;  
I love to think that Heaven itself  
Has told you when to bloom and die.  
The sun and shower fulfil his word,  
And ask no meaner agency.  
Beautiful flowers ! oh leave me yet  
One thought that springs from earth to Heav'n,  
Nor be the image of my God  
From his fair earthly garden driv'n.

---

*The same.*—BISHOP HORNE.

## THE HELIOTROPE.

THROUGH all the changes of the day,  
I turn me to the *sun* :  
In clear and cloudy skies I say  
*Alike—Thy will be done !*

## THE VIOLET.

A lowly flow'r in secret bow'r,  
Invisible I swell ;  
For blessing made, without parade,  
Known only by my smell.

## THE LILY.

Emblem of Him, in whom no stain  
The eye of Heav'n could see :  
In all their glory, monarchs vain  
Are not array'd like me.

## THE ROSE.

With ravish'd heart that crimson hail,  
Which in my bosom glows ;  
Think how the lily of the vale  
Became like Sharon's rose.

## THE PRIMROSE.

When time's dark winter shall be o'er,  
In storms and tempests laid,  
Like me, you'll rise a fragrant flow'r,  
But not, like me, to fade.

## THE GARDEN.

The bow'r of innocence and bliss,  
Sin caus'd to disappear ;  
Repent, and walk in faith and love—  
You'll find an Eden here.

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